The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
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JANUARY 25, 1956

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THE QUEEN — Magnificent full-length portrait — pages 28-29

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARRIAGE GUIDANCE

THIS week we make the first announcement of the coming visit to Australia of marriage-guidance authorities Dr. David Mace and his wife, Mrs. Vera C. Mace.

Marriage guidance is an infant science. It began in 1942 with the establishment in London of a marriage-guidance council.

This council was the world's first attempt at making a scientific approach to one of the world's greatest problems—the problem of marital relationships.

It's a sad fact that modern man, so almost unbelievably clever at splitting the atom or exploring the moon, has not made the same rapid progress in understanding the strains and stresses of his own personality.

The material sciences, with their train of changing social conditions, have added enormously to these strains and stresses, leaving thousands of men and women lost and bewildered, dissatisfied with the old standards but unable to find new ones.

Divorce, with its frequent accompaniments of broken homes and child delinquency, is one of the most tragic manifestations of this bewilderment.

Marriage-guidance councils have set out to help in relieving such bewilderments not by preaching outworn shibboleths but by guiding men and women to understand their problems and, most importantly, to understand themselves.

It's a slow, often heartbreaking, job. But, we believe, it's a desperately important one.

We believe that, no matter how many moons man may conquer, the real joy of humanity lies in a happy home.

It is because we believe this that we have been so glad to co-operate with the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia in bringing the Maces to this country.

Our cover:

● Our cover study is from the full length portrait of the Queen on pages 28 and 29, which we present in a form that makes it suitable for framing. Painted by Mrs. Grace Wheatley, it was exhibited in London at the end of last year.

This week:

● As a women's paper, largely staffed by women, we nevertheless think men are quite a good idea. In fact, we like them, and have often thought that an amusing feature written by a man was just what the paper needed. So this week we introduce one. The writer is Ross Campbell, well known in Sydney to readers of the Daily Telegraph and Sunday Telegraph. Mr. Campbell, as you will see by his introductory piece on page 10, once enlivened the premises as well as the pages of the Weekly. That was a long time ago. Since then he served as a navigator in the Air Force during the war, and worked on newspapers in Sydney and New York. He is married, with three children.

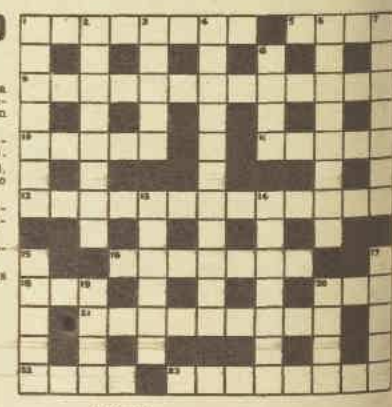
When asking him for some biographical details we reminded him that he had been a Rhodes Scholar. This, though he enjoyed his four years at Oxford, he is inclined to play down. He feels that his newspaper writing is not of the dignified nature appropriate to the beneficiaries of the late Cecil Rhodes. "You could describe me," he said, "as a decayed Rhodes scholar."

● See page 25 for a color pin-up of Grace Kelly, Hollywood's contribution to the glamor of European royalty.

Next week:

● February is the time to plan tree-planting. Each month on our gardening page we summarise the jobs for the month, but next week we have substituted a special section illustrated in color. Every new gardener will want to keep these pages for future reference. They add up to a comprehensive guide to the selection, planting, and cultivation of trees, contain advice on tree surgery and pruning, pests and diseases, and a table listing varieties suitable according to climate and conditions.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. The cat turns, then I turn, and both of us are silent (8).
5. Mark left by a duckless Oscar (4).
9. Tiger spinners (Anagr., 13).
10. If you are there you surely owe some money (2, 3).
11. Do men produce evil spirit? Could be (5).
12. Feebly sentimental, though mostly it sounds to be in want of a simple flower (13).
16. Characteristic of a writer but not necessarily of an author (7).
18. Metal found in inferior elements (3).
20. Help! Turn round, but there is no change (3).
21. Pleonastic Communist and German insect (8).
22. Remainder concerning a saint (4).
23. Bend near this French forest (8).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Humdrum half a dozen in a trial (7).
2. Feline with a broken cart in a waterfall (8).
3. Weary with anger in heart (5).
4. I care in plot. Strange, but this is the answer (11).
6. Cut the untidy state for a Yankee squirrel (8).
7. Queenly spirit with a real cover (7).
8. Goad produced mostly with a stick (4).
13. Ill-mannered person in a reversed era forms a covered passage (8).
14. Mollusc not to be mistaken for a maritime rabbit (7).
15. Lid which may come to the point in the field (5).
17. Their In Memoriam was first printed in 1882 (5).
19. Man does it as the saying goes (4).
20. Stupefy (4).

B	A	N	D	I	C	O	O	T	A	L
A	G	O	P	H	C	E				
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Solution of last week's crossword.

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Yesterday's Dream

A romantic story of young love

By AUDRIE MANLEY-TUCKER

TONIGHT I have come back to the cottage, Stephanie; I wanted to see it for the last time, before it is pulled down tomorrow.

I walked up the path from the stream, through the field, and into the beechwood where we picked bluebells, once. Do you remember that the cottage is on the far side of the woods, where the fields began again? Or have you forgotten the road back into yesterday?

The front door was wide open. The floorboards are rotting and crumbling away still, the windows broken, and there are holes in the roof. Funny how Tara used to look at those holes and insist that the roof was patched with blue sky—it was just the kind of thing she would say.

I think about this sad little ruin of a house, Stephanie, as I stand in the room where the three of us held so many tea-parties; I think of all the people who lived and laughed and loved and quarrelled here. A house is something more than a shell of bricks and mortar; it holds the joys and sorrows of so many people within its walls—and something will remain, even after tomorrow, when the roof and walls come down.

After the house has come down, there will be the men with bulldozers clearing and levelling the land, and then the red-brick boxes will go up one by one, as the town stretches out its tentacles farther each year.

Tonight I don't think of that; everything's ready for the party; the window-seat serves for both table and chairs, as it always did. I've unwrapped the precious things I brought with me and set them here, ready: the cup and saucer patterned with rosebuds and the plate with its trails of ivy leaves.

There's a crack seaming the plate, the saucer is chipped, and the cup has no handle. Soon there will be another cup and saucer and plate beside mine, the china thin as paper and veined with cracks. Remember what Tara used to say? If I were rich I'd have four tea-sets, one with violets for spring, one with roses for summer, a leaf-pattern for autumn, and a berry one for winter.

In a little while the party will begin. The sandwiches solemnly unpacked, the vacuum flask uncorked; we shall shed the years between, and go back to the beginning.

Do you remember that beginning? Your father had taken over the farm the same month as mine came to live at the Rectory. You were ten and I was eleven; Tara was nine, and I found it hard to believe that such a little brown mouse of a girl was your sister. You fascinated me; that fringe of black hair above your small, pointed face, your huge eyes. My mother predicted, even then, that you would be a beauty one day.

You were restless and eager, quick and gay. Tara was shy and quiet, content to follow you in everything. And you made all the things we did seem strange and exciting, with that vivid imagination of yours. It was you who discovered the cottage, you who stepped inside, and said triumphantly:

"This is going to be ours! Our secret little house, where we can come when it's wet and have picnics. We won't tell anyone about it. Let's explore——"

Nothing but a patina of dust in which we wrote our names, and the eternal cobwebs; until we came to the little kitchen cupboard. Whoever had left the house last had not thought that bit of china worth taking away—three odd cups and saucers, three cracked plates. But it was pretty china and, to us, treasure trove. You marched into the sitting-room and solemnly laid them out on the window-seat, while I broke a bar of chocolate into three.

"We're having a party," you said dreamily. "A wonderful party with cold chicken and pink-icing cakes, turkey sandwiches and strawberry jelly. I'm wearing my ball dress, a green satin one, and gold shoes, and diamonds in my hair. There

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As Stephanie danced Tara and I watched her, fascinated by her graceful beauty.

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Third instalment of a four-part mystery serial

By NGAIO MARSH

Scales of Justice

COLONEL CARTARETTE, of Hammer Farm, was found by NURSE KETTLE lying dead at his fishing ground on the bank of the River Chyne at Swevenings. Investigation quickly establishes that he was murdered.

Other leading householders of this hitherto peaceful spot are ROSE CARTARETTE, the Colonel's daughter, and KITTY, his second wife; LADY LACKLANDER, of Nunspardon, widow of SIR HAROLD LACKLANDER; her son GEORGE, in love with Kitty; and her grandson, DR. MARK LACKLANDER, in love with Rose; OCTAVIUS DANBERRY-PHINN, of Jacob's Cottage, an ardent cat-lover; COMMANDER SYCE, whose hobby is archery.

There had recently been petty quarrels among the householders over their hobbies, and a serious rift over Sir Harold's memoirs, which, just before his death, he had asked Colonel Cartarette to edit and publish.

A strange feature of the case was the discovery, beside the Colonel's body, of the great trout, the "Old 'Un," which Danberry-Phinn claimed he caught and over which Lady Lacklander heard him and the Colonel quarrel.

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR ALLEYN, of Scotland Yard, in charge of the case with INSPECTOR FOX, is interviewing various persons concerned, in the Colonel's study at Hammer Farm. He has just been interviewing Nurse Kettle. NOW READ ON:

AS Nurse Kettle went out, Alleyn and Fox contemplated each other with the absent-minded habit of long association.

"Before we see Doctor Lacklander," Alleyn said, "let's take stock, Brer Fox. What are you thinking about?" he added.

"I was thinking," Fox said with his customary simplicity, "about Miss Kettle. A very nice woman."

Alleyn stared at him. "You are not by any chance transfixed by Dan Cupid's dart?"

"Ah," Fox said complacently, "that would be the day, wouldn't it, Mr. Alleyn? I like a nice compact woman," he added.

"Drag your fancy away from thoughts of Nurse Kettle's contours, compact or centrifugal, and consider. Colonel Cartarette left this house about ten-past seven to call on Octavius Danberry-Phinn. Presumably there was no one at home, because the next we hear of him he's having a violent row with Phinn down by the Bottom Bridge. That's at about seven-thirty. At twenty to eight he and Phinn part company. The Colonel crosses the bridge and at twenty minutes to eight is having an interview with Lady Lacklander, who is sketching in a hollow on the left bank almost opposite the willow grove on the right bank. Apparently this al-fresco meeting was by arrangement. It lasted about ten minutes.

"At ten to eight Cartarette left Lady Lacklander, recrossed the bridge, turned left and evidently went straight into the willow grove, because she saw him there as she herself panted up the hill to Nunspardon. Soon after eight Mrs. Cartarette said goodbye to that prize ass George Lacklander and came down the hill. At about a quarter-past seven she and he had seen old Phinn poaching, and as she tripped down the path she looked along his fishing to see if she could spot him anywhere. She must have just missed Lady Lacklander, who, one supposes, had by that time plunged into this Nunspardon Home Spinney they talk so much about. Kitty . . ."

Fox said: "Who?"

"Her name's Kitty, Kitty Cartarette. She came hipping and thighing down the hill with her eyes on the upper reaches of the Chyne, where she expected to see Mr. Phinn. She didn't notice her husband in the willow grove, but that tells us nothing until we get a look at the landscape, and, anyway, her attention, she says, was elsewhere. She continued across the bridge and so home. She saw nothing unusual on the bridge. Now Lady Lacklander saw a great trout lying on the bridge where, according to Lady L., Mr. Phinn had furiously chucked it when he had his row, thirty-five minutes earlier, with Colonel Cartarette.

"The next thing that happens is that Mark Lacklander (who had been engaged in tennis and, one supposes, rather solemn dalliance with that charming girl Rose Cartarette) leaves this house round about the time Mrs. Cartarette returns to it and goes down to the Bottom Bridge, where he does not find a trout, and is certain that there was no trout to find. He does, however, find his grandmother's sketching gear on the left bank of the Chyne, and like a kind young bloke carries it back to Nunspardon, thus saving the footman a trip. He disappears into the spinney, and as far as we know this darkling valley is left to itself until a quarter to nine when Nurse Kettle, who has been slapping Commander Syce's lumbago next door, descends into Bottom Meadow, turns off to the right, hears the dog howling and discovers the body. Those are the facts, if they are facts, arising out of information received up to date. What emerges?"

Fox dragged his palm across his jaw.

"For a secluded district," he said, "there seems to have been quite a bit of traffic in the valley of the Chyne."

"Doesn't there? Down this hill. Over the bridge. Up the other hill and t'other way round. None of them meeting except the murdered man and old Phinn at half-past seven, and the murdered man and Lady Lacklander ten minutes later. Otherwise, it seems to have been a series of near misses on all hands."

He frowned slightly. "I can't remember the layout of the valley with any accuracy, but it appears that from the houses on this side only the upper reaches of the Chyne and a few yards below the bridge on the right bank are visible. We'll have to do an elaborate check as soon as it's light, which is soon, by the way. Unless we find signs of angry locals hiding in the underbrush, or of mysterious colored gentlemen from the East lurking in the village, it's going to look a bit like a small field of suspects."

"Meaning this lot," Fox said, with a wag of his head in the direction of the drawing-room.

"There's not one among them except the Nurse who isn't holding something back; I'll swear there isn't. Let's have a word with young Lacklander, shall we? Fetch him in, Foxkin, and while you're there see how Mr. Phinn's getting on with his statement to the ser-

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geant I wanted an ear left in that room; the sergeant's was the only one available, and the statement seemed the best excuse for planting him there. We'll have to go for dabs on those spectacles we picked up, and I swear they'll be Mr. Phinn's. If he's got off his chest as much as he's decided to tell us, let him go home. Ask him to remain on tap, though, until further notice. Away you go."

While Fox was away Alleyn looked more closely at Colonel Cartarette's study. He thought he found in it a number of interesting divergencies from the accepted convention. True, there were leather saddle-backed chairs, a pipe-rack, and a regimental photograph, but instead of sporting prints the Colonel had chosen half a dozen Chinese drawings, and the books that lined two of his walls, although they included army lists and military biographies, were for the greater part well-worn copies of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists and poets, with one or two very rare items on angling.

With these Alleyn was interested to find a sizeable book with the title "The Scaly Breed" by Maurice Cartarette. It was a work on the habits and characteristics of fresh-water trout. On his desk was a photograph of Rose, looking shy and misty, and one of Kitty looking like an imitation of something it would be difficult to define.

Alleyn's gaze travelled over the surface of the desk and down the front. He tried the drawers. The top pair were unlocked and contained only writing-paper and envelopes and a few notes written in a distinguished hand, evidently by the Colonel himself. The centre parts on each side were locked. The bottom left-hand drawer pulled out. It was empty.

His attention sharpened. He had stooped down to look more closely at it when he heard Fox's voice in the hall. He pushed the drawer to and stood away from the desk.

Mark Lacklander came in with Fox.

Alleyn said: "I shan't keep you long; indeed, I have only asked you to come in to clear up one small point and to help us with another, not so small. The first question is this: When you went home at a quarter past eight last evening, did you hear a dog howling in Bottom Meadow?"

"No," Mark said. "No; I'm sure I didn't."

"Did Skip really stick close to the Colonel?"

"Not when he was fishing," Mark said at once. "The Colonel had trained him to keep a respectful distance away."

"But you didn't see Skip?"

"I didn't see or hear a dog, but I remember meeting a tabby cat. One of Occy Phinn's menagerie, I imagine, on an evening stroll."

"Where was she?"

"This side of the bridge," said Mark, looking bored.

"Right. Now, you'd been playing tennis here, hadn't you, with Miss Cartarette, and you returned to Nunspardon by the Bottom Bridge and River Path. You collected your grandmother's sketching gear on the way, didn't you?"

"I did."

"Were you carrying anything else?"

"Only my tennis things. Why?"

"I'm only trying to get a picture. Collecting these things must have taken a few moments. Did you hear or see anything at all out of the ordinary?"

"Nothing. I don't think I looked across the river at all."

"Right. And now will you tell us, as a medical man, what you make of the injuries to the head?"

Mark said very readily: "Yes, of course, for what my opinion's worth on a superficial examination."

"I gather," Alleyn said, "that you went down with Miss Kettle after she gave the alarm and that with exemplary economy you lifted up the tweed hat, looked at the injury, satisfied yourself that he was dead, replaced the hat, and waited for the arrival of the police. That it?"

"Yes. I had a torch and I made as fair an examination as I could without touching him. As a matter of fact, I was able to look pretty closely at the injuries."

"Injuries," Alleyn repeated, stressing the plural. "Then you would agree that he was hit more than once?"

"I'd like to look again before giving an opinion. It seemed to me he had been hit on the temple with one instrument before he was stabbed through it with another. Although—I don't know—a sharp object striking the temple could of itself produce very complex results. It's useless to speculate. Your man will no doubt make a complete examination and what he finds may explain the appearances that to me are rather puzzling."

"But on what you saw your first reaction was to wonder if he'd been stunned before he was stabbed? Is that right?"

"Mark, I don't want to go away," Rose said, turning deathly white. "I want to know what happened to my father, too."

"Yes," Mark said readily. "That's right."

"As I saw it," Alleyn said, "there seemed to be an irregular bruised area roughly about three by two inches and inside that a circular welt that might have been made by a very big hammer with a concave striking surface, if such a thing exists. And inside that again is the actual puncture, a hole that, it seemed to me, must have been made by a sharply pointed instrument."

"Yes," Mark said, "that's an accurate description of the superficial appearance. But, of course, the queerest appearances can follow cranial injuries."

"The autopsy may clear up all the ambiguities," Alleyn said. He glanced at Mark's intelligent and strikingly handsome face. He decided to take a risk.

"Look here," he said, "it's no good us trying to look as if we're uninterested in Mr. Danberry-Phinn. He and Colonel Cartarette had a row less than an hour, probably, before Cartarette was murdered. What do you feel about that? I don't have to tell you this is entirely off the record. What sort of chap is Mr. Phinn? You must know him pretty well."

Mark thrust his hands into his pockets and scowled at the floor.

"I don't know him as well as all that,"

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Out like a light

BY JOHN MESSER

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

His sense of urgency increased . . . He began to run, his mind a turmoil of horror.

Teenager short story by an 18-year-old Queensland cadet journalist

MARTIN cursed quietly as his car lights blinked, then faded, and the engine spluttered to a stop. He edged the blue convertible in against the kerb and leapt out. No time to check the battery. He'd ring a taxi.

"Everything happens to me when I'm pressed for time," he thought as he swept round the corner into a public phone booth.

Here he was reporting the State Electricity Board's convention, half an hour to Press time, and what happens—his car engine gives up the ghost! He had some good copy, too, like the yarn about half the world's population depending on electricity. That was good for at least a three-column lead.

"This is hunky dory," he murmured as he dived into the booth and snatched up the receiver. "Better ring the office first. They'll probably . . ."

The phone was dead.

He gazed exasperatedly at the receiver, slammed it down, and stamped out into the street.

Suddenly he noticed the street lights were out. Not even a house or corner store showed a glimmer.

"Huh! A power failure," he grunted. "If there's no power there'll be no paper—I should worry."

"Funny there's no traffic," he thought as he stepped it out down the street towards the office. Usually a taxi or two prowled up the lonely street, even if it was 1 a.m. But this morning all that passed him were a couple of bicycles without lights.

The office was like a morgue when he finally groped his way up the candle-lit stairs.

The teletypes had stopped chattering, the phones were quiet. Typewriters sat silent on the paper-plastered desks.

About twenty of the staff sat ringed around a dirty kerosene lantern he'd seen once in the old machine-room. The editor was speaking—suddenly he looked old.

"Well, that's the story. The power house manager told Pete his equipment should be functioning all right. The district engineer says there's no fault in his gear—not that he could check it if there was. There just isn't any power. No one can understand it. But most reports tie in with when we blacked out here about 12.45. Now there's no light, no power, no phone. My car won't go, or even the portable radio."

Martin pushed forward.

"What's this about your car," he said.

"It's true," Fred, the chief-of-staff, nodded. "None of them will go." The others grunted in assent. "Jerry from the processing can't even kick over his motor-bike."

Just then Frank slouched in carrying his camera in one hand and a dozen flashbulbs in the other.

"Be on it," he said. "I walk a mile each way to the powerhouse and back so's I can get a shot of them checking their stuff with hurricane lamps, and what happens? My flash won't even work."

"What do you think is the matter?" Martin asked.

"I can't fathom it at all," said Brant, the sub, over his horn-rims. "None of us can. There doesn't seem to be any explanation. Looks as if everything that works on electricity has just gone bung."

"Well, there's not much more we can do here now," Fred suggested. "I suppose everything will be O.K. tomorrow, so the afternoon papers will get the story." He sighed. "Al, see the police on the way home," he went on. "Dan, you live near the mayor. Wake him up and see what he knows. Jack, you can check the ambulance and hospital. Maybe there was an operation going on when the power died."

Martin waited a while talking with some of the others. Then he stumbled out of the building into the black silence.

On the way home he began thinking. Why wouldn't Bill's torch work? What was wrong with the cars, or the phone, or the lights, even the battery radio—everything?

That is, everything depending on electricity.

It looked as though electricity, that terrific force about which man knew so little, and yet on which he depended so much, had suddenly ceased to exist.

It seemed unbelievable . . . Yet it was happening. No! It had already happened.

And a thing like this wouldn't be confined to one city or one country. This would be world wide!

Without warning, this force, more important to man perhaps than any other force—a force he had made his slave and his messenger — had disappeared and left all his civilisation in jeopardy.

Martin pictured how its absence must have been first felt.

He could see an American businessman gaping as his electric shaver ceased to whine—and cut. A German housewife checking the power-plug on a cold iron. Some French kid wondering why his electric train wouldn't run. A New Zealand policeman on the beat whose torch has just faded . . . A Canadian millionaire with his speedboat engine stopped . . .

They—and thousands more—would all be wondering. Soon the rest of half the world would be wondering, and worrying and waiting.

Then there were more frightening things. Scores of aeroplanes crashing powerless to earth; hundreds of ships drifting idly without control; thousands of people dying and not even knowing why they died.

As Martin pondered more, a feeling of urgency reached him, and his pace quickened.

It was not so much the immediate happenings that were most tragic, he realised, but what they foreshadowed. What was to follow?

Every industry he knew depended in some way, most in a big way, on electricity. Now they would all be crippled.

Within a week millions of people would be jobless, facing possible starvation. There would be panic, mass crime, chaos.

He thought of the horror and the hopelessness of the situation. Here was a world without electrical power—which was near enough to saying a world without any power. A world with hardly any communications. A world of ugliness faced with a problem it couldn't answer.

His sense of urgency increased.

Now he ran. He ran until he fell . . .

The first thing he noticed when he woke up was the electric light, blurred yet glaring in the middle of the room. He wanted to look at it for a week.

"And about time," said the prim little nurse he discovered underneath the bulb when his vision cleared. "You've been unconscious for exactly fourteen minutes since they brought you in."

"What's the story?" Martin muttered.

"Someone saw you fall outside the phone booth in Edington Street. Doctor thinks you have been working too hard. You went out like a light."

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I'LL REMEMBER

OUTSIDE the snow pressed down, cold, white. Inside the bedroom the light was rose, from fire, from walls, from youth. Jeanne Meredith stood with her back to the room, her eyes on the branches of the trees spreading delicate fingers. She was reluctant to turn and become a part of the gay scene behind her. There was detachment in the snow: a respite from reality, from Cynthia and Alan and from the wedding tomorrow.

Jeanne was a tall girl, fully rounded and mature-looking for her fifteen years. Her wide, green eyes gave no indication of the uncertainty and confusion she was feeling.

Cynthia's voice reached out to her, light-hearted, confident, the voice of the happy bride. "Jeanne, tell me what you think."

Jeanne turned and the white of the snow still in her eyes became the white of the dress and veil. "Oh, Cynthia," she said, her voice filled with genuine love and admiration for her sister, "you're beautiful."

"Will Alan think I'm beautiful?" Cynthia asked, laughing, preening in front of the mirrored wall, meeting Jeanne's gaze reflected.

Jeanne quickly dropped her eyes. "Of course he'll think you beautiful." As she said it, the hurt she had tried to bury outside in the impersonal snow rose and choked her, making her want to run from the room, from the eyes of Cynthia's friends gathered to admire the dress after its last-minute alterations.

The girls laughed and chattered, the note of hysteria which precedes big weddings rising and falling. Then, with little darts and flutterings like new birds, they were gone, their voices drifting back, fading. Cynthia sighed and sank down on to the bed and began removing the veil from her coppery hair. She said dreamily, "This time tomorrow I'll be Mrs. Alan Carter and you will have a brother, Jeanne."

Brother! Jeanne would not think of the word. She went to the fireplace and bent low, her dark hair falling about her face. "When you get married, I wouldn't recommend you do it this way—though you will, of course," Cynthia was saying. She lay back against the pillows, careful of the dress. "I'm so tired I could sleep forever."

Jeanne lifted her head. "Never fear," she said, forcing the old, familiar, bantering tone into her voice. "I'll never marry—not after seeing you go through with all—all this barbaric ritual."

"Oh, Jeanne, sometimes you sound a thousand years old. I don't know how we can be sisters, we're so different. You're so—well, so smart—all those books you read——"

"I'm studying to be a Brain," Jeanne said, loving this grown-up intimacy between them, yet not wanting it.

"Sometimes when I think how smart Alan is it scares me to death," Cynthia said. "I wish I hadn't wasted all those years in school and had done a little studying to be a Brain myself."

Jeanne was overcome with a rush of love for this beautiful girl who was going away from her forever. "Oh, Cyn, nothing's going to be the same."

"Why, darling, you mustn't feel that way. Of course it's going to be the same. Alan and I will be living right in this very town. You can see us every day——"

Jeanne, in all her thoughts of Alan, had never envisioned him as the husband of her sister. She would not do it now. She shook her head stubbornly.

There was a light tapping at the door, and their mother thrust her head in. She looked bright-eyed and fresh. "What's going on here?" Then she stopped and looked from one daughter to the other. She crossed the room and put her arms knowingly about the two of them and for a moment they stood there as three women, the years bridged between them.

It was Jeanne who turned away first, feeling that some part of her would surely tell them of the horrible confusion that engulfed her—the bereaved, naked feeling of losing her sister and Alan—the fiery, traitorous feeling of loving the man who in a few short hours would be married to her sister. "I'll go change for dinner," she said. "I can't remember washing my face since yesterday."

Their amused, indulgent laughter followed her as she went down the hall to her room.

Instead of bathing, she pulled a red coat from the closet and went downstairs with no thought in mind but to get outside in the cold winter air. The phone rang as she reached the lower hall. Bill Adams' voice came over the wire, lazy and young, "That you, Jeanne?"

"Yes, Bill. I'm in a hurry right now—"

You couldn't hurry Bill. "You about through with that wedding over there?"

"The wedding's tomorrow." Bill knew that, of course—the papers had been full of it for weeks. Jeanne felt an almost uncontrollable irritation. "Look, Bill, I can't talk now——"

"Jeanne, what's eating you, anyway? Every time I call you're in a hurry or can't talk for some reason. We thought you might like to take a ride in Arnold. He's all shined up, had his brakes relined. Connie and Lew are over here and Barbara and Eddie. Fresh air'll do you good."

Listening to Bill's indolent drawl, Jeanne wondered how she could ever have stood all the years of listening to him, all the years of gorging herself on hamburgers and cokes and, after Bill got his temporary driver's licence, of tearing around in Arnold listening to Eddie thumping wildly on his mother's old uke.

She would never be able to take up her living again when she had left off with it—before she had discovered she was in love with Alan and this terrible, aching void had come.

"Bill," she interrupted, not unkindly, "I have to go now—there's so much to be done."

"Okay, okay. But Arnold won't like it——"

"See you some time," she said, hanging up. Then she looked up directly into Alan's eyes. "Oh," she said, startled, "I didn't hear you come in."

"Where is everybody?" he asked, grinning at her.

"Why aren't you off to your bachelors' dinner?"

"I am, but I've lost the best man. That ingrate, John Newcombe, who accepted your father's gracious hospitality, isn't where he's supposed to be——"

"You've been to the guest-house?"

"I sure have," Alan said, running his fingers through his neat hair. "Here I am on the very eve of my nuptials and I have to be worrying about the best man, who's supposed to be worrying about me. He's probably out communing with the weather—forgot completely where he is and why he's here."

"I haven't seen him since noon. He was talking to father about tropical fish."

"Tropical fish, Alaskan seals, African voodoo, Irish poetry—that's our John——"

"Well, you'd better go on and let John get there by himself." Jeanne's words sounded brusquely adult and scolding.

Alan looked at her quickly. "What's the matter with you?" Then, very seriously, he added: "Jeanne, you've been avoiding me these last few days. Is there something about me you suddenly don't like?"

Jeanne could feel the tremor pulling at her chin and lip. "Why, of course not, Alan. There's been so much going on—"

"You come here," Alan said firmly, taking her hand and pulling her into the library. "Now tell me what this is all about," he went on, with mock severity, when they were seated on the couch facing each other. "Have I become a scoundrel because I'm about to marry your only beloved and beautiful sister?" He reached for her hand.

Hating herself for it, but powerless to stop them, Jeanne felt the tears rise. "Oh, Alan," she said, then stopped abruptly, knowing that saying his name like that was telling him her carefully guarded secret.

She knew for certain she had told him when he looked at her for a long moment, then pulled her head down tenderly against his shoulder. She buried her face there.

Alan didn't say anything, only tightened his arms about her, sharing her secret, respecting it. With her face there against him, Jeanne, without knowing it, was telling him that there was more to this than the loving of him; she felt she would

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YOU

More than a girl, not yet woman, she was lost in the lone land of growing-up . . . a tender story

By MAXINE LANE

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH

never love again; everything young was gone from her—over before she should have had it—gone, lost irrevocably in a chasm between youth and maturity, forced upon her before she was ready.

Finally Alan withdrew his arms and lifted her face in his two hands. "Jeanne," he said softly, and then, little by little, he told her about himself. He told her about his youth and how lonely he had been after his mother died . . . about his grandmother's farm, where he spent long hours talking to the trees and hills, the way he meant to talk when he became a lawyer . . . finally about Cynthia . . . the way she had of looking vulnerable and dependent on him.

"I can't think you'll understand this, Jeanne. It's just a kind of summing up of how things are. Just a way of saying that there is so much ahead for you—that this is a rough jolt, coming too soon. But you have the stuff to take this first rough spot. And I'll be here to help you."

Then he bent and kissed her. It was the first man kiss she had ever had. There was breath and heart beat, and wondering if Alan felt the kiss, too. "Jeanne," Alan said, his voice almost gruff, "you do know what I've been trying to say? You're so—you seem so grown up—not like the other kids your age—sometimes it's hard to believe that you're not even sixteen yet—"

"Yes, Alan," she whispered, "I know—" But she didn't know. She only knew that Alan was trying in some strange way to soothe her.

Alan looked into her eyes. "All right now?"

"Yes, I'm fine."

He rose and pulled her to her feet. "Here," he said, kissing her lightly on the cheek, this is for my bride before she goes to sleep—give it to her—and this," kissing her other cheek, "is for my sister." His hands were

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

RECENTLY I overheard a conversation between two women who were criticising the youth of today. As I am a teenager, I should like to comment on this. If the children of today are not as considerate or as well-behaved as those of 30 years ago, whose fault is that? Children today are not really so different from children of 30 years ago.

If a child has not received sufficient training, the fault lies in the doting mother and docile father (particularly the mother, as she is mainly responsible for the child's pre-school training) and not in the child. In general, then, it means that the mothers of today are bad, and not the children.

£1/1/- to Miss Barbara Gee, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

THE old excuse "I haven't got time" should be more truthfully defined as, "I don't know how to make the most of my time." The science of motion study is the greatest labor-saving asset we can attain. By making a study of each movement and putting it to the best use possible I have cut my household duties in half—consequently I have more time to spend with my husband and baby. Before I started this study, I used to catch myself pattering in and out of rooms carrying one article, only to patter back again in five minutes with something else. We housewives, for instance, could save endless trips if only we would think before we make a move. Try it out for a week; you'll find that you won't need "six pairs of hands," the two you have will be quite sufficient.

10/6 to Mrs. P. Wilson, Guildford, N.S.W.

I AM starting an organisation to be called the L.P.A. (Lonely People's Association) because I feel that lonely folk need help. Membership will be open to Australians, New Australians, and British migrants over 40 years of age. Dances, picnics, and theatre parties will be arranged, and it is intended also to help charity organisations. Genuinely lonely people who are interested could write to me, Wally Cooper, Honorary Organiser, Lonely People's Association, 36 Marie Ave., West Heidelberg N.23, Victoria. They should send full particulars about themselves and include their age. This club will have no connection with the Widows and Widowers' Club, which I started just 12 months ago and which I am proud to say has a membership of 1400.

10/6 to Mr. Wally Cooper, West Heidelberg, Vic.

ALTHOUGH fast drivers are condemned rightly by police and traffic authorities, slow drivers are just as much a menace. When you drive behind a slow driver and start to overtake, he will put on speed or else continue to block the traffic on a busy road. Slow drivers cause many accidents.

10/6 to G.M.T.C. (name supplied), Griffith, N.S.W.

COULD someone please tell me why estate agents do not explain more fully what they are trying to sell? We are all used to such abbreviations as all mod. cons., 2 B.R.s, but in our local paper today I read 1 D. Kit. Does that mean that the family cat goes with the house or is it a new type of kitchen?

10/6 to J. A. Read, Toowoomba, Qld.

SOME years ago, certain banks in the United States adopted a novel method of securing new accounts. The birth announcements in the local papers used to be scanned daily and fixed deposit receipts for one dollar each were then mailed out in favor of the new arrivals. These were posted to the happy parents with a suitable letter of congratulation. The dollar was not collectable until the child was old enough to have an account in its own name. I pass on the idea.

10/6 to "Bill Dollar" (name supplied), Queenscliff, Vic.

WE people in the country often wonder why there is no more drift from the city to the outback. Most stations in the Far West offer very congenial positions to married couples. Also positions are available for girls as governesses or housemaids. As full board and good wages are paid there are wonderful opportunities for saving.

10/6 to "Far West" (name supplied), Tibooburra, N.S.W.

Military Training

HAVING read the letter of "Annie Oakley" on military training (The Australian Women's Weekly, 4/1/'56), I feel moved to reply that apparently "Annie's" memory is short. During the critical stages of the Battle of Britain, and the Battles of the Atlantic and Pacific, we found 18-year-old lads who had to learn the "rudiments of war" in a hurry. To-day young lads are learning at their leisure and pleasure the "rudiments of war" to preserve the way of life defended by those 1939-45 "undisciplined and rebellious youths." I too, was amused at first sight of the Senior Cadets in ill-fitting uniforms and man-sized rifles, but thank God for them.

10/6 to "Proud A.R.A.—14 years' service" (name supplied), Bandiana, Vic.

Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

OUR family problem was the old one of the small boy's first haircut at the barber's. Having had trouble with our first boy, I decided to alter my tactics with my second boy. I bought him a little pair of plastic scissors and comb, and we all played "barbers."

After the game became familiar, I explained to my little boy that his hair needed cutting, and we'd go along to the barber who would cut his hair in the way we had played. The result was that there was no fuss, and the barber commented on my boy's good behaviour.

£1/1/- to J. M. Holliday, Hobart, Tas.

Ross Campbell writes...

NEW WEEKLY FEATURE

IT'S a kind of homecoming for me to be writing for The Australian Women's Weekly again.

Years ago I was a member of the A.W.W. staff for a short period.

It was when Shirley Temple was just getting her second teeth, I remember. That takes you back a bit.

I was a beardless boy at the time, except for a few weeks when I grew a beard to try to seem grown up.

The beard came out ginger, so I took it off again. Nothing looks sillier than black eyebrows with a ginger beard.

I wasn't much of a success on the paper that time.

It was largely carelessness. I was keen on bird-watching, and I couldn't concentrate on my job.

They let me look after the movie news as an experiment. (That's why Shirley Temple's teeth stuck in my mind.)

Then one day a cable came saying: "Dorothy Lamour has the biggest eyes and smallest feet in Hollywood."

I was thinking about a spangled drongo I had seen on my holidays, and like a fool I copied out the cable: "Dorothy Lamour has the smallest eyes and biggest feet in Hollywood."

I might have got away with it if one of the directors hadn't been a Dorothy Lamour fan.

The editor sent for me and pointed out the mistake.

She added: "You know, I think perhaps this job is not quite suited to you. There are times when one gets the impression that you don't know a great deal about women. That suggestion of yours that we run a boxing column, for instance . . ."

Always quick to take a hint, I moved on.

A lot of water ran over the dam after that.

Then just lately I heard they wanted a man here to write a thoughtful commentary on women's doings.

I put in for the job.

A senior member of the staff interviewed me.

She said: "I see from our records, Mr. Campbell, that when you were here before the war you didn't know much about women. Have you found out anything since?"

"Yes, I have learned it the hard way. I have studied women in the streets, I have studied them in the hills, I have studied them on the beaches."

Looking me up and down, she said: "I imagine they never surrendered. And what is your policy regarding women?"

"I'm in favor of them. I think they are here to stay. I never write anything nasty about women drivers or mothers-in-law, because I believe they have been much maligned. But I can't stand girls who wear sun-glasses indoors."

"You'll do," she said. "Go and find a desk."

So I'll be with you next week.

— Ross Campbell

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Third of a series

THIS IS AUSTRALIA

THE FOSSICKER. *Matt Bamgarten fossicks for gold in the bed of the Belubula River at Carcour, N.S.W. Ever since gold was officially discovered in 1851, Australians have fossicked along favorable river-beds. Mr. Bamgarten, of Blayney, N.S.W., manager of a chain of picture theatres, has fossicked for alluvial gold as a hobby since he was a schoolboy. He has washed enough gold in his dish to keep his gold fever high and bind him to his cradle and dipper despite a uranium strike in his district. Carcour is not far from the site of Hargraves' 1851 strike. Records say gold was found in 1823, but that the news was withheld. Picture by our staff photographer John Jones.*

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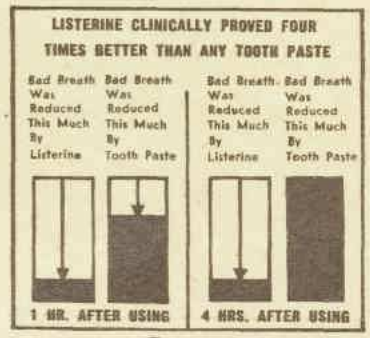

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World authority on human relations to tour Australia

Dr. David Mace, Chairman of the United Nations Commission on Marriage Guidance, will lecture in Australia this year. His tour has been arranged by the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia in association with The Australian Women's Weekly.

DR. MACE will be accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Vera Mace, who is also an authority on marriage and the family. They will arrive early in August for a stay of four months, and will visit every State in the Commonwealth.

In supporting the sponsorship of Dr. and Mrs. Mace's tour, The Australian Women's Weekly hopes to make a very real contribution to Australian life by helping those people who need counsel in marital problems.

Our aim is to bring to them, through Dr. Mace's lectures and advice, a deeper understanding that will lead to greater family happiness.

The Mace lectures in the capital cities and big towns of Australia will be unique in that they will be given by a highly qualified husband - and - wife team.

Dr. David Mace is a marriage guidance pioneer, and is Professor of Human Relations at Drew University, Madison, New Jersey, U.S.A.

A 48-year-old Scot, he is the son of a Methodist parson and is himself a Methodist minister. He is a Doctor of Philosophy of Manchester University, a Master of Arts of Cambridge, and a Bachelor of Science of London University.

In 1938 he was one of a small group of professional people who launched the Marriage Guidance Council in England.

He was responsible for the establishment of the first Marriage Guidance Centre in Britain and for bringing the organisation from its beginnings to the stage where it was a nationally accepted, Government-sponsored social service, with branches in most large towns and cities.

In 1947 he was invited to Drew University, where he has remained.

Dr. Mace is looking forward to his Australian tour. His pioneering work in Britain's Marriage Guidance Centres, his experience in America, and a visit to South Africa in 1954 have given him a vast picture of marriage problems.

His visit here will widen the picture and give him an almost all-over-the-world view.

What is marriage counselling or marriage guidance?

It is (according to the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia) "the art of helping people to make the best use of their capabilities; to overcome personal and social difficulties through the resources of the family and the community, so as to achieve the fullest measure of health and independence."

To do this, it does not, as some people imagine, talk airy generalities. It operates on a scientific basis.

The Marriage Guidance Council of N.S.W. has a director and senior counsellor, the Rev. W. G. Coughlan, two other male and two female counsellors, and a number of consultative panels.

DR. DAVID MACE with his wife, Mrs. Vera Mace. The Maces' two daughters, who are finishing their education in America, will not accompany their parents on the trip to Australia.

The medical consultant team includes four specialist physicians, 10 gynaecologists and urologists, and five psychiatrists.

There is also a panel of honorary legal advisers, two clinical psychologists who conduct personality tests, and a school counsellor who gives advice on child problems.

Marriage guidance counselling in Australia is at a crucial stage after seven full years of life. Its counsellors feel that the inspiration and practical education of an expert such as Dr. Mace may lift the Australian movement to the place it should hold in the national life.

Its growth, limited by meagre financial resources, has been both substantial and dramatic.

Started in 1946 in Sydney by a group of 20 to 30 men and women, it has grown until at present there is a branch in every State and a National Council.

Growth in the branch in New South Wales is being paralleled year for year in other States.

In 1949, the N.S.W. Council had 60 requests for marital guidance; in 1952, 150 requests, and in 1955 cases reached saturation point (set by the Council's finances) with 450 appeals for help.

These 450 cases involved at least 850 people. Four-fifths of the cases were married couples with difficulties. These cases generally involve at least two people.

The balance of the 450 cases was made up of engaged couples, who consulted the experts for guidance.

This service is free to all people who are unable to pay. The Council emphasises that there is no fee, but clients may make a donation, as administrative costs far exceed the government subsidy.

The National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia and its State branches are not church organisations, nor are they affiliated with any religious denomination. They are self-governing voluntary organisations.

Dr. and Mrs. Mace have mapped out a very full programme for their tour. In the cities, they will give public lectures, including lectures exclusively for women, parents, engaged couples, social workers, and marriage counsellors. Special sessions will be held for university lecturers and students.

The National Marriage Guidance Council would like to hear from women's organisations in cities and country towns who would like to participate in Dr. Mace's visit by arranging lectures in their towns.

Organisations interested should write immediately to the Rev. W. G. Coughlan, Secretary, the National Marriage Guidance Council, 44 Margaret Street, Sydney, so that Dr. and Mrs. Mace's itinerary may be finalised.

How do Australians feel about marriage guidance?

"An ever-growing number of people believe that it is and have accepted it as a sound form of social service," Mr. Coughlan said. "There are, of course, still people who feel that the very personal things of married life either should not be discussed or cannot be. Dr. Mace's visit will help us to educate such people."

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ENGLISH LANGUAGE CLASS for men, women, and children is conducted by Mr. Stavios Kussadias in the laundry of a terrace house in Mocatta Place, Adelaide. Some of the girls who arrived from Greece recently to marry in Adelaide promptly joined the class. Mr. Kussadias is on the Nationality Advisory Committee of the Good Neighbor Council.

NEW ARRIVAL, pretty Christina Konstantacopoulou, who came from Greece to marry, photographed with her fiance, Mr. Nicholas Droggitis, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Theodoropoulos, at Norwood, South Australia.

Greek girls' long trip to wed in Australia

It was a great day for South Australia's Greek community, including the thirty prospective young bridegrooms, when thirty Greek girls arrived at Adelaide railway station and reached the end of their long journey to be married.

By FREDA YOUNG, staff reporter

MANY of the girls had become engaged before their fiances had left Greece to settle in South Australia a year or more ago.

The brides-elect, most of them still in their teens, travelled from Greece to Melbourne in the migrant ship Tasmania, which brought a total of 515 Greek women and children to settle in Australia. They went to every State except Queensland.

A party of 110 who went to N.S.W. were the wives, fiancees, or sisters of Greeks already living there.

Because the Tasmania was three days behind schedule in arriving in Melbourne, the prospective bridegrooms in South Australia had twice journeyed to the Adelaide railway station to welcome their fiancees, and twice turned away disconsolately when they failed to arrive.

Then some of the young men had taken plane or train to Melbourne, had met their fiancees, and married them immediately. Others had accompanied the girls back to Adelaide for a wedding in their newly adopted home town.

A Greek resident in Adelaide, Mr. Stavios Kussadias, who is a member of the Nationality Advisory Committee of the Good Neighbor Council, and who speaks excellent English, said the shipping delay had caused a great deal of extra planning to provide accommodation for the girls.

They arrived too late in the weekend to visit the Registrar of Marriages for the civil wedding ceremony that precedes their church wedding ceremony. Therefore, the weddings were postponed, and Mr. Kussadias was kept busy for a few hours obtaining last-minute accommodation for girls with friends or relations.

Accommodation problem

"The Greeks are a proud race and are very particular about the conduct of their young people before marriage," he said.

On the day the train bringing the girls, as well as 170 other Greek migrants and a large party of Italians, arrived in Adelaide, a huge crowd of excited foreigners took possession of the railway platform.

Priests of the two Greek churches in Adelaide had planned to give talks to the girls and their prospective bridegrooms, but this plan was abandoned in the surging crowd that was one of the largest ever seen on the railway station.

Many of the girls were weary after their 33-day voyage, followed by the overnight train journey to Adelaide, and were glad to reach their new homes and rest.

But some went to a welcome party in Mocatta Place, Adelaide, where a large number of Greek families live in a terrace of four two-story houses.

Here in the street, a dead-end, the party took place because the rooms in the terrace were too small for so many guests. A gramophone on a table outside the houses played Greek records for dancing. "These people have the best collection of Greek records in the city," Mr. Kussadias said.

Greek cakes, known as "courabies," had been made by the women and there was other party fare and plenty of ice-cream for the children. And there was a spirit of friendliness.

"Sit down, Missus" or "Sit down, Mister" (often the limit of their vocabulary), they said as they offered a glass of beer with which to drink the brides' health.

I found it fascinating to be taking part in this drama of the assimilation of New Australians, and watching proceedings like this was to glimpse Australian history in the making.

FOLK DANCE in the street at Mocatta Place, Adelaide, was an interesting feature of the party to welcome migrants. Katerini Stathopoulou, in white frock (centre), came to Australia to marry Mr. A. Pedoulias (on her left).

Interviewing the brides-elect, with their friends acting as interpreters, was a frustrating business. I asked one young man who had been in Australia for 18 months whether his fiancee had brought her wedding dress with her. He conferred with the half dozen or so of his friends who have all been here for some time and claim to "spik Eenglish, please."

Party held in street

"She is 19 years old," they said in reply.

"Yes, but ask her whether she has brought her wedding dress with her."

Another conference: "Oh, yes, she make her dresses and she make dresses for children and women, too. She good tailor."

Patience triumphed eventually, and I learnt that the girl, like many others, had brought her white satin wedding dress from Greece, but it was still with her luggage at the Melbourne docks.

Watching the proceedings of the day on which the girls arrived, I felt a great sympathy for these people who had left their own country to settle in a new land.

After centuries of enslavement by the Turks and more recently the invasion of their country by the Germans, these people have brought with them some sad memories.

They have also brought the graces and courtesies of their very old civilisation, and among the young men and girls there are definite traces of that classic beauty for which in the long ago Greece was famous.

"There is hope for our children here," they said, and added proudly that one day their children would be "high school teacher, doctor, or lawyer."

HAPPY YOUNG COUPLE, Georgios Avcoustinos and his fiancee, Kostantina Basta, are given a cup of tea by their host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Georgopoulos, of Thebarton, South Australia, on the morning of Kostantina's arrival.

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Red...racy...irresistible!

Slightly Scarlet

by CUTEX

A new, dazzling, stormy-sweet shade of scarlet in Cutex "Stayfast" Lipstick and Nail Polish. This is the reddest red ever to flirt on lips and fingertips. Don't wait till tomorrow — try "Slightly Scarlet" tonight — in creamy-smooth, long-lasting Cutex "Stayfast" Lipstick.

Put it on, blot gently with a tissue and your lips will stay richly "Slightly Scarlet" for hours longer! Then match up your fingertips with brilliant, gleaming "Slightly Scarlet" Cutex Nail Polish.

Cutex Slightly Scarlet "Stayfast" Lipstick, 4/6
Cutex Slightly Scarlet Nail Polish, 2/11 regular
Cutex Slightly Scarlet Nail Brilliance, 4/3

G254

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Special Dress Sense Feature

THE ETIQUETTE OF FASHION

by Betty Keep

IT is my daily job to sift, explain, and advise on fashion and fashion etiquette. In this special section I have tried to help all types and age groups about fashions to fit their lives, as well as the when and how of wearing clothes.

FASHION can do something for every woman from the age of one to 90, while chic, like charm, can be acquired. It is within the reach of everyone who sets her mind and heart on it.

The person you present to the world will be happier—and therefore more successful—if she wears the correct clothes for the occasion, and those most becoming to her needs and type.

Along with knowing the correct moment to wear a hat, the right color, or a long or short dress is that just-as-important factor of choosing and wearing those clothes you feel best in.

Ultra formality is not part of Australian life, so, when in doubt, under-dress. Simplicity pays dividends more often than not.

Awareness of one's own advantages and limitations is another important factor, but don't become too "set."

For instance, there is the girl who settled for a certain hairdo years ago, along with other habits of style, and is still holding to it. The style looks well enough, only it seems to have acquired a uniform look. Don't let it happen to you..

Neither should clothes be bought because they are "the very latest thing."

The first requisite of every clothes choice you make is that it suits your personality and type. There are lots of types and most girls are a mixture of types, but, generally speaking, the female of the species can be listed under Feminine or Tailored.

There are more factors to being well dressed than slavishly following current fashion.

We think that to feel the glow of looking your best is more important than Dior's latest line. The slogan should be "Feel good and you will look good."

A dress is a "best dress" only when it is the right one for you.

Assembling an outfit

A BIG problem is assembling an outfit. Learn to think: Which hat? Whether jewellery? Gloves? Which shoes? All simple questions that need thought and experience to answer correctly.

Take the problem of how and when to wear a hat.

It has become currently fashionable to go hatless.

Any smart woman should be quite at ease minus a hat on many occasions, provided she has a well-groomed head and the all-over effect of harmony.

For instance, a woman can go hatless lunching with a friend in a club or restaurant, attending a fashion parade, to a cocktail party in a friend's house, to the theatre, or to a movie. But she must always wear a hat or head covering when entering a church.

When to wear a hat

A HAT should be worn to the races, to a formal lunch, and to any afternoon or after-five function in a public place.

Good hatting is not always a matter of £.s.d.

It is much better to have several hats to suit changing moods than one expensive all-purpose model.

When buying a hat the only person whose judgment should be allowed to influence your own is a person with a trained fashion eye.

On a small budget a pretty hat can be the means of converting a conservative ensemble into a gala outfit.

The right hat gives poise.

A hat should be related to the wearer's age, proportions, complexion, occasion, season of the year, and climate.

(Travellers, note: In Eastern ports European women go hatless. In some tropical places a European woman may carry an umbrella, which she uses as protection against the sun as well as rain—but never a hat.)

The woman who is tall should be careful not to wear a very high crown, or high upswept trimming. She can wear a wide brim successfully, and a small hat if it is in proportion to the size of her head, neck, and shoulders.

The tall woman with big proportions can wear a large dashing hat because she has the height and width to carry it. However, she must avoid fussy trimming and over-decorated straws.

The happy choice for the short, slim woman is a small shape. Her problem is not to look too little-girl or teenager. She, too, should concentrate on wearing a hat that is in proportion to her face.

The woman with a short, stocky figure can be guided by the above advice, but if her face is big a hat with a broad crown and medium-size brim is good; so is a beret, particularly the drapeable variety.

Color is important. The woman with an olive complexion looks best in white, creamy beige, pink, and pale grey—never black, unless her coloring is really vivid.

A blond woman with fair skin can wear dark green, navy, black, and at times—not all the time—she will look wonderful in Chinese-red and vivid blues.

The woman with soft mid-brown coloring will be flattered by soft blues, light navy, pearly dove-grey, and any shades that will not overwhelm her own coloring.

Redheads can achieve dramatic effects with violet, earth-brown, tan, white, black, and dark charcoal-grey.

Careful with glasses

MANY women who wear glasses are convinced they cannot wear hats. This is quite wrong. New and varying designs in glasses put them in the chic class, and colors can be found to blend with the wearer's complexion. The glasses themselves should be designed to suit the contour of the face.

All women who wear glasses should try to wear a brimless hat—or, if the wearer is tall, quite a large-brimmed hat.

No compromise. Large or small it must be.

Finally, the man of taste who will shop with you is a rare bird, but one who is worth gunning for. His opinion on a hat is worth ten women's.

● This feature continued on next four pages.

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Fashion Etiquette

THE OCCASION.

How they dress for where they are going

● *The time, the place, the occasion are the three basic factors to consider when deciding what is the correct thing to wear. This is the theme of our special fashion feature. Here, in illustrations, we give directions guaranteed to keep a woman on a smart fashion course on a variety of occasions.*

THE TIME, 7.15 P.M., the occasion, a formal dinner party under your own or a friend's roof. The dress (above) is floor-length and covered up because it is for a woman who has reached the age of 50. Her escort wears a black tie.

THE OCCASION, a ball in a public place, the dress, a floor or ankle length ball gown (below), long gloves, evening sandals, and an evening bag. The same dressing would also be worn for a private ball. Her escort wears white tie and tails.

SATURDAY NIGHT at the movies, dress informal, the wearers, two pretty teenagers. Both are dressed in printed cotton. The girls go hatless but wear short gloves — the latter is optional. The fashion principle of informality is the same for a visit to friends or for a Sunday night party.

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N. . . THE CLOTHES

THE PLACE, a restaurant, the time, 1 p.m., the occasion, lunching informally with a friend (male or female). The girl (left) wears a simple daytime dress. She goes hatless, but her head is neat and well groomed; she wears gloves. For extra chic the frames of her sunglasses match the shade of her dress. Both are pale lilac.

THE DATE, dining with a man, the place, a restaurant, the girl's dress, pretty and short, midway between an afternoon dress and ballerina. Gloves are often worn with this type of dress, but they are not necessary. Her escort wears a dark lounge suit. If the girl chose a short-skirted evening dress he would wear a dinner suit.

AT HOME, the occasion, dispensing cocktails. The hostess wears a late-day dress, goes hatless, but (above) she follows the current fashion of wearing a tiny topknot of flowers. She does not wear gloves. The guests may follow the same dressing as the hostess, or they can wear an afternoon dress, gloves, and a well-chosen hat.

THE TIME, midday, mid or late afternoon, the occasion, any formal, public daytime function. The correct fashion for hostess and guest is a street-length dress or ensemble worn with a hat and gloves. The same pattern is followed for any daytime function; it can be less formal than the ensemble (above) according to the time, place, and importance of the social occasion.

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To look your best you must know . . .

Fashion Etiquette

HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT CLOTHES

● A social occasion can be large or small. It might be a birthday lunch with a friend, dinner for two or more any place, a christening, a picnic, a formal ball, or boy meets girl. Whatever the occasion you will feel happier if you are correctly dressed.

by BETTY KEEP

GETTING into a fashion rut is to be avoided at any age, but nobody can wear crazy new fashions like the young. In the teens a girl can triumph in mad shirts, blazers, short kilts, or any other current fads.

It doesn't matter much about your type, because boys seem to be equally divided in their opinions on whether the girl in the frilly dress with the delicate air or the chic, tailored miss with the gamin haircut is their favorite date.

For the average girl-meet-boy date (suppose a Saturday-night movie), adequate and correct dressing is a pretty skirt and separate blouse, a one-piece dress, or a pinafore and blouse. It is not necessary to wear a hat, gloves are optional.

The same dressing is correct for a barbecue, record-playing party, or Sunday-night supper or visit to friends.

The main point is to see that the dress you wear is pretty enough to make an occasion out of an ordinary, everyday date.

For a formal teenage dance, a dress with a short, ankle, or full length skirt is correct. Gloves are optional. Evening shoes and bag are the correct accessories.

This is the time and occasion to go all out for glamor. For you the glamor partly comes from burnished hair and expertly applied lipstick and partly from a dress you feel your best in.

If red is rampant in fashion, wear it; youth can go all out for color. Unless you have the makings of a hair-stylist, avoid an elaborate hairdo.

It is unlikely that a girl in the teenage group will be dining or dancing in a restaurant unless escorted by an older man.

If so, and her escort wears a black tie, she will be correctly dressed in a ballerina or short-skirted evening dress, with evening shoes and bag. Gloves are optional.

For any casual daytime weekend date, such as a picnic, sailing, or at the beach, slacks, shorts, or skirt with a shirt or some type of separate top is the right fashion.

It is better to be a happy companion than the girl in the shortest shorts.

The girl who follows football games will be wise to do so in a warm casual outfit. Sweater, skirt, and top-coat is perfect fashion for any spectator-sport occasion in winter. A scarf or hood worn as a head-covering is a pretty insurance against a red nose.

There are two schools of thought about tennis clothes—shorts and shirt or an above-knee-length dress. Both are correct. Again the right choice is the one you feel your best in and the one your boy likes you to wear. Some boys have a "thing" about girls wearing trouser fashions.

Growing up and learning to dress to look your best has certain basic essentials. Neatness is one; so is good grooming.

Provide yourself with a sewing kit and plan to set aside a fixed time for mending and laundry, and be efficient about both. He likes you to look glamorous, but he also likes you to look as neat as a pin. The two qualities can combine happily.

The "older" woman Clothes should pay an older woman a graceful compliment. They should be chosen to flatter.

The formula should be pretty, plus a dash of chic, rather than smart.

Slim but not strict lines are best for the 45-55 age group. Necklines (V-shaped) look best softened with a pretty scarf, and the flattery of velvet near the face is worth remembering.

For current fashion the average after-50 is best in a one-piece foundation which moulds an unexaggerated curve from the top rib to the leg. The waistline of the dress can then be normal, high, low, or non-existent. But comfort must be studied and an over-corseted look avoided.

The wise "older" woman does not think black is her color. It can be mixed for good effect with other colors, but not often worn alone. (This is my opinion.)

Color is good when it isn't too insistent. Pink, beige — more pink than beige—grey with a pink tint, charcoal - grey with lots of white mixed in, most blues, and clear reds is a color list for after-50.

Prints may be worn; black and white is smart. A polka-dot redingote worn with a black sheath dress, patent-leather pumps, and white gloves couldn't be better for a city outfit.

One of the prettiest older women I know is past 60 and looks superb in white. N.B. She has a wonderful complexion, bright color, and blue eyes.

To "cover-up" is more becoming than showing too much bare flesh.

When formal evening dress is worn, the shoulders should be covered or at least veiled. Lace and chiffon are both flattering for this purpose.

The after-50 woman should not think she must always wear a hat. For her casual summer clothes she might affect perfectly groomed hair and carry a sunshade. The latter is right in fashion.

Shoes become very important. Numbers of older women totter on spike heels made with intricately strapped "uppers."

On the other hand, the fault is just as bad when the fifty-and-after age group wear shoes that look as if they were made at doctor's instructions.

The perfect shoe—between these two extremes—is a classic court with a slender medium-size heel. This design has a great advantage, because it can be in any material from leather to flowered cotton.

FOR A CHRISTENING

UNLESS a christening is an unusually elaborate ceremony, the mother of the baby and the women party guests wear afternoon clothes. The men wear dark lounge suits.

In summer the women will be suitably dressed in a floral or pastel silk and becoming hat and gloves. In winter a pastel wool dress and pretty hat and gloves would be perfect.

It is not customary for the baby's mother to wear black.

The infant's dress is all white and is generally quite elaborate. Often the dress has been handed down in a family and kept exclusively for christening ceremonies.

With their lounge suits the men wear subdued ties and socks and black shoes.

At a very formal christening ceremony the correct dress for men, strictly speaking, is a morning suit. In this case the women wear more elaborate afternoon dresses.

In Australia a christening is often quite a simple family affair, when the only feminine fashion "musts" are hat and gloves.

THE DEBUTANTE

MOST girls of 17 or 18 have been attending parties for some time, but coming out is still a popular custom and there are still some do's and don'ts for a formal debut.

It is correct for a debutante to wear a white dress, though it is not incorrect to wear white over a pastel shade, or have a dress with a colored sash or cummerbund.

It is a charming idea to carry a small bouquet of flowers or pin a spray or small corsage to dress or evening bag.

Flowers are a matter of personal taste. Many girls make their formal "bob" without benefit of a floral tribute.

It is bad taste for the "deb" to choose sophisticated blossoms like orchids. White camellias or gardenias are more appropriate.

Gloves should be worn. Wrist-length, below or above elbow length are all perfectly correct.

A dress with a floor-length skirt is still the prettiest and most romantic; but one ending at the ankle or above the ankle is also correct.

A ballerina-length dress is not correct for the debutante.

Evening shoes can be classic courts or sandals made in dress fabric or kid.

An evening bag is carried and should be matched in color and material as near as possible to the shoes.

A debutante—or, for that matter, any girl of eighteen—shows bad taste in wearing a too-low-cut dress.

A dress with a covered shoulder-line or tiny sleeves is her prettiest choice.

In a restaurant

INFORMALITY is so often the rule these days that it is quite common for guests as well as hostess to be hatless at lunch in a public restaurant or cafe if the lunch is small—for example, a day in town with a friend. However, a public luncheon (example, bridal lunch) can be nearly as formal as a State dinner, and in this case a woman should wear an afternoon dress, hat, and gloves.

For a "hens' party," perhaps for a birthday or reunion, or similar occasion, it is customary for hostess and guests to wear a dress or suit with hat and gloves.

If the "get together" takes the form of a dinner, a ballerina (not too bare-topped) or an afternoon dress, minus hat and gloves, is correct.

The exception is when the hostess specifies more formal or informal dress.

Dining with a man, if he wears a black tie you will wear a short evening dress. It can be ballerina or street length, but it is definitely an evening dress. Gloves are optional.

If your escort wears a lounge suit you will be correct in an afternoon dress with or without a small hat and gloves.

For a gala ball or any type of function in a restaurant or any other public place, a full or ankle length ball gown and gloves are correct.

Tails are correct for men on such an occasion, but a dinner jacket is acceptable.

At-home parties

AT a small informal party any pretty dress is adequate. As the party becomes larger in size or more significant in occasion, dressing becomes more formal.

It is practically unheard-of in modern times for the hostess to wear a hat for a cocktail party in her own home. However, she often wears a very formal afternoon dress or what is now called a short evening dress. Gloves are not worn by the hostess. They are optional for guests, who also have the choice of "to hat or not to hat."

A dinner-party is often governed by numbers, too, and again your hostess should say what you are expected to wear.

If informal, the women wear ballerinas or afternoon dresses and the men lounge suits. If the men wear a black tie, the women wear a short evening dress or a ballerina. Older women often wear a floor-length dress.

An after-dinner party can range from record-party to ball.

In the case of the former, your hostess generally says, "Don't dress." This calls for anything from a casual blouse and skirt, or even slacks and top, to an "everyday" or afternoon dress.

When in doubt for a "don't dress" party, play safe; wear an afternoon dress attractive enough to be noticed but not conspicuous enough to be stared at. Go minus hat and gloves.

For a ball at home, a long or short skirted evening dress is correct. Please yourself about gloves.

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DRESSING FOR A WEDDING

● A formal wedding with all its traditions is probably the most elaborate social custom followed today.

IT is correct for the bridegroom's family to fall in with the wedding plans suggested by the bride's family, and to study the wishes of the bride and her mother in regard to the clothes worn by the wedding party.

At a formal daytime wedding the correct fashion for the bride is a full-length white bridal dress (with or without a train), gloves, white shoes (often in the material to match the bridal dress), and a bridal veil and head-dress.

The bride wears her wedding veil over her face going up the aisle, and thrown back when she walks down the aisle on the arm of her husband.

The bridegroom wears a morning suit, black worsted cutaway coat, grey striped trousers, grey wool double-breasted waistcoat, white shirt and wing collar, grey silk ascot, black calf shoes and black hose, top hat, and grey suede gloves. The men in the wedding party wear the same attire.

The bride's mother wears an afternoon dress, hat, and gloves, which she keeps on while receiving guests.

Male guests wear a morning suit or a dark lounge suit. These days a lounge suit is accepted as being correct. Gloves should not be worn with a lounge suit.

The bridesmaid wears a ballerina or full-length dress, the length of which is not governed by the bride's dress. Gloves are correct for the bridesmaids, and some type of head covering is worn. The latter can be anything from a simple wreath of flowers to a big-brimmed picture hat.

At the reception the bridesmaids stand in the receiving line. Like the bride, they do not remove their gloves until the wedding guests have been received.

A flower-girl can wear a short or ankle-length frock. She generally wears a tiny wreath of flowers on her head instead of a hat. Gloves are optional.

A page-boy wears long or short trousers and the traditional frilly shirt, but no gloves. If the family is of Scottish descent the page-boy can wear the kilt.

For the girl who decides on an informal wedding and yet still wishes to be married as a bride, a ballerina dress and short veil, gloves, white shoes, and a small bouquet is the correct attire. She is attended by a bridesmaid, who also wears a short-length dress, gloves, and a head covering.

Full-length dresses are also correct.

For these informal weddings the groom wears a dinner jacket after 6 p.m. Otherwise he wears a lounge suit, either a single or double-breasted navy or dark grey suit. It is worn with a plain or small-patterned dark tie, white shirt, black shoes and plain dark hose, grey hat, and grey suede gloves.

Correct attire for guests

For a formal evening wedding, the bride wears the same attire as for a formal afternoon wedding. The male members of the bridal party wear full evening wear—tail coat made in midnight-blue or black worsted, with trousers to match, white pique waistcoat, white linen stiff-bosomed shirt with wing collar, pearl studs, gold (or pearl) cuff links, white pique bow tie, white handkerchief, black hose and patent leather oxfords, white kid gloves.

Women guests have the choice of a short-skirted or full-length dinner dress.

The men wear tails or a dinner jacket; either is correct. Strictly speaking, the choice is governed by the male members of the bridal party. If they wear "tails" the male guests follow the same pattern. However, these days it is commonly accepted for a man to wear a dinner jacket.

For a second marriage it is not customary for a woman (whether widowed or divorced) to be married in white, nor does she wear a veil. A long or short-skirted frock, worn with a pretty hat and gloves, is customary.

Thrilling Beauty News FOR USERS OF Liquid Shampoos!

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Lustre-Creme Shampoo in the new Lotion Bubble is more than just another shampoo that pours. It's a *new* creamy lotion—a fragrant, satiny, easier-to-use lotion in handy bubbles that travel with you so happily. Lustre-Creme brings glamour with every heavenly shampoo.

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Q25A

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What a lot of bother! What a lot of mess! What a lot of expense! No wonder clogged drains are the cause of hard words in the home. Dad blames Mum—says the greasy washing-up water and thick soapy laundry water cause the clogging (he's right, too!). But Mum says don't blame her—she *can't help it!* (Or can she?)

The fact is that clogged drains *can* be avoided. It's simply a matter of discontinuing the use of soaps and powders and using *Trix, "the miracle detergent,"* for all your dish washing, clothes washing and other "water" jobs.

Here's how Trix works the trick. Trix has remarkable grease-cutting power: it *loosens* grease, *absorbs* it and *flushes it away*. Consequently, when you use Trix for all your washing chores, the daily flow of Trix-in-water through the drains works on the accumulated grease and waste and soon even badly clogged drains become clear and clean.

But not only that . . . *Trix is far more efficient than soaps and powders* for practically every household cleaning job!

Trix makes soaps and powders old fashioned . . . anything suds can do, Trix can do better.

Trix cuts wash-up time in HALF!

No drying-up when you use Trix! Just stack the dishes and they dry sparkling clean . . . no smears . . . no smudges . . . and far cleaner than if you used suds.

SAVE MONEY
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by using Trix—"the miracle detergent" for almost every household cleaning job
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3/3

Price slightly higher in some country districts.

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TRIX is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd., makers of famous Mortein

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"As from next payday, yours truly gets a £2 rise at the office."

MOTHER

"They're the nicest, quietest, politest, tidiest children you could find. NORMALLY, I mean. When they're back at school."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

A TYPICALLY Australian tribute is already being paid Ray Lawler's play, "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," now at the Elizabethan Theatre in Sydney after its Melbourne season.

People are referring to it as "The Doll." A population which talks about "The Alice" and "The 'Curry" is bound to abbreviate a five-word title.

I heard another native tribute in the enthusiastic foyer crowd at the first night in Sydney.

"What do you think of it?" asked a lady of a gentleman resplendent in evening dress.

"I think," he said in cultivated accents, "that it's b—— magnificent."

So do I. In fact, I would go so far as to say that if this play isn't a financial as well as an artistic success before it finishes, then Australians don't want a national theatre, and the Elizabethan Theatre Trust might as well fold its tents and steal away.

The point about the play is that, first of all, it is good by any standards. Its emotions are universal. It wrings your heart, and, in the next breath, is very, very funny. Its theme could be translated to any country.

But, equally, it has a genuine Australian flavor, not the sort of flavor that is added as an afterthought, but one that is there in the basic ingredients of language and character.

I'll guarantee that if it should be produced overseas expatriate Australians in the audience will leave the theatre in a haze of homesickness.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the rather charming traits of New Zealanders is that whereas other people are sentimental about dogs or cats, they are sentimental about fish.

There was the celebrated Pelorus Jack the dolphin that used to welcome steamers as they arrived.

In more recent years there were reports of a resident of the South Island who regularly fed fish in the bay where he lived, and knew them by name.

Now a friend visiting New Zealand has sent me a cutting about a new character, a dolphin called Opo George, who is drawing sightseers to Opononi, on the shore of Hokianga Harbor.

Opo (some people call him Opo and some George) has been frolicking round for 18 months, sometimes close inshore among the bathers. He likes to find a floating beer bottle, throw it in the air, and catch it in his mouth.

The licensee of the Opononi Hotel, Mr. K. Williams, sometimes goes out in a dinghy to scratch Opo's back with an oar. "He loves it," Mr. Williams told a newspaper.

There is a move to have Opo declared a protected fish, as was Pelorus Jack.

A COUPLE of times lately I've seen references to "lid-lifting" as an annoying habit of the domestic male.

The lids belong to saucepans. The complaints, not new, always strike me as being a little unreasonable.

What I mean is that lifting the lids of saucepans and examining the contents indicates some interest in food, which is seldom shown by a heavy drinker, for instance.

All right. So these lid-lifters are sober fellows, and hungry. If you've been slaving your fingers to the bone all day preparing the food, the hunger should be welcome.

It is what happens AFTER the lid-lifting that is important. Does he wrinkle his nose and say, "What, Irish stew again!" Or, "I've told you repeatedly not to overdo the paprika in that goulash."

If he does, then you have grounds for complaint.

If, by any chance, he lifts the lid from rice which you are boiling according to the Chinese cookery book instructions ("On no account lift lid"), then you have grounds for hysteria.

But if the poor fellow just wants to know what's cooking, surely you can't blame him.

★ ★ ★

BECAUSE I seldom see sheep, I do not usually take much interest in them.

But the other day my attention was attracted by a comment on a new book, "The Australian Merino," produced by Oswald L. Ziegler for the N.S.W. Sheepbreeders' Association.

"The book clearly shows the development from the wrinkled skin to today's plain-bodied style," said a radio commentator.

If they can effect that sort of improvement in sheep it's time somebody started doing it for people.

★ ★ ★

LADY EDEN, wife of Britain's Prime Minister, recently wrote to Mrs. Maud Butt asking her not to hang her washing where it could be seen from the Edens' country home, Chequers. Mrs. Butt, annoyed at first, later agreed to hang her washing elsewhere.

If the wind is brisk and steady
And the day is clear and fine,
There's a deal of satisfaction
In the washing on the line.
Flapping nicely, not too wildly,
Drying in the morning sun,
It's a sight that's pleasing even
Though the ironing's to be done.
Not aesthetic? Well, its beauty
Has this individual quirk:
That the eye of the beholder
Must be hers who's done the work.

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Queen Salote's nephew is used to

Music, laughter, and simple life

Admires Australian living standards but doubts if struggle is worth it

Vaea Tupou — nephew of Salote, Queen of Tonga, Tongan nobleman, and a descendant of a long line of island chieftains — is a man of two worlds.

By HELEN GORDON, staff reporter

VAEA TUPOU escorts 7-year-old Taufa'ahau, son of Crown Prince Tungi of Tonga and grandson of Queen Salote, from the plane at Mascot. The Queen and her household visited New Zealand before flying on to Australia.

HIS heart and all his loyalty belong to Tonga. His quiet voice is full of pride when he talks about his home and his Queen, yet he looks with something like longing at the cars, the gadgets, the big houses of Australian city dwellers.

Vaea Tupou, who is visiting Australia as Queen Salote's secretary while the Queen attends the conference of the World Council of Churches beginning on February 1, is one of the most important of Tonga's 33 chieftains.

He is a chieftain of 700 people, and his name, "Vaea," pronounced "Vy-ah," means "noble."

He is married and has two little daughters, Nanasi Pau'u, three years old, and Luseane, six months. Vaea Tupou's wife is the daughter of a Tongan chieftain, and if they have a son he will be a chieftain after Vaea.

When he is not busy in the Queen's service in Australia, Vaea Tupou will be watching, listening, observing the way Australians live and the things they do, and wondering if their ways would do for Tonga.

I met the 34-year-old chieftain at the George Brown Methodist Missionary Training College at Haberfield, Sydney, where Queen Salote and her household are staying during their Sydney visit.

He is a big man, with a quiet voice and modest, self-effacing manners. His size adds to his natural dignity.

"I am interested in Australia," he said. "I just want to look around and see what it is like. There is nothing in particular I want to see—just—everything.

"I don't think I would like to live here, or anywhere outside of Tonga, because I belong to Tonga. It is my home. But I would like to have a look at the way you do things.

"Maybe I will get some ideas from you to take back with me. I don't know yet. We are a bit behind the times, you know.

"We have had taxes for only four years—since 1951. Everyone else had taxation, why shouldn't we? However, there is no heavy taxation because the Tongan people don't earn much.

Low taxation

"MOSTLY we are farmers. Each man at the age of 16 is given 8¾ acres of land by the Government. On that land he can grow nearly all the food he needs.

"Taxation on earnings is low until you earn more than £300, and not many people on Tonga do that.

"We have had a proper gaol for only three years. No, we don't have much crime, only petty things. Petty theft—there is a bit of that, and sometimes after a football match there are fights, and a few people spend the night in the lock-up.

"Before we built the real gaol, the prisoners were kept at the police stations. They used to sweep the policeman's office and do a bit of work around the place.

"If you passed by the police station on any of our islands you would probably have seen three or four prisoners sitting outside in the sun.

"The policeman would probably say to one of them, 'Go down to the village and get me a packet of cigarettes,' and to another prisoner, 'You take a fishing-line and go down to the beach, catch me some fish.'

"All that is changed now. The gaol is on the main island, and the prisoners spend their time planting yams and taro in the garden and looking after other vegetables.

"There are 45,000 people in Tonga, but we never have more than 100 people in gaol at the one time."

Vaea Tupou emphasised that he was not a prince.

"Only the Queen's sons are called 'prince'," he explained. "Because I am a noble, the Queen gives me land, and I allocate the land to my people when they reach the age of 16.

"I have to watch the records very carefully to see that people who don't belong in my village don't get land, and when a man dies I have to check up and find out who are his children and who should inherit his piece of land.

"It's not a hard job, because I know all the 700 people by name, and I know their wives and their children, too.

"In return for the land they must do certain things for me. When there is a special occasion, a feast, I say to them I want so many pigs, so many yams, and we all work together to prepare them.

"We are pretty easy-going. None of us works too hard. We are different from the Australians and the New Zealand people; we live as a group. What is mine is yours, and what is yours is mine."

When he speaks of Tonga, Vaea Tupou's air of dignified, well-mannered reserve drops away. He grins, and talks with boyish eagerness.

"We have a quiet life," he said. "Some people would not like it. We have films, and they are very popular. We have dances and all the boys and girls go.

"Some of the missionaries have tried to teach the young people the proper ballroom steps for your dances, but no one really bothers much about the steps.

"We don't do the Maxina or the foxtrot or the waltz—we just dance. The music starts and everybody goes on to the floor. The music might be for the waltz, but no one worries about that; they just keep in rhythm with the music.

"Our music is very beautiful. The words of our songs are more important than the tunes. The people write them about their own village, the flowers that grow there, the trees, and how the beach looks.

"We are very proud of our birthplace. Sometimes I write the melody for a song, but that isn't very important. The best songwriter in Tonga is the Queen.

"No one has the command of beautiful words that she has, and it isn't strange that she should be such a fine songwriter. Her father was the best musician in all Tonga. Music and songs run in the Queen's family.

Few visitors

"I HAVE seen more of the world outside of Tonga than most of our people. I was educated in New Zealand, at Wesley College, in Auckland, and as soon as I left college I joined the New Zealand Air Force with a lot of the other boys from the school.

"I spent three years in the R.N.Z.A.F. as a pilot, flying patrols in Catalinas around the Solomon Islands. But when I came out of the Air Force I went home.

"We don't meet many strangers on Tonga. A big tourist boat has called only twice that I can remember, and we have one boat calling each month.

"The things I miss most are magazines and newspapers. Any newspaper that is only a month old is new to us.

"The Queen belongs to book clubs in London, so she gets a lot of books, and sometimes some of us who work for her manage to get some of them to read, but there are not really many books on the islands.

"Sometimes I think you have a better standard of living in Australia than we have. But you have to work very hard for it, and, I don't know, I can't make up my mind whether it is worth it.

"One visitor to Tonga, a German journalist, told me his people had once lived as we do now. That was a thousand years ago, he said.

"So, you can see, we are out on our own in the world, a long way behind everyone else. I'm not sure whether we should try to catch up."

QUEEN SALOTE of Tonga smiles from a car to the crowds of Sydney people who came to welcome her at Mascot aerodrome. She is living quietly in Sydney, with no public engagements, until the World Council of Churches conference opens.

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

This week's mail is dominated by career questions that range from fruit-picking to commercial flying. Perhaps the information asked for may help other teenagers. With it goes our best wishes for success in the job of your choice.

ONE girl is keen to become a telephonist. Here is her letter:

"I AM 16½ years old and have been employed in a small office on a telephone exchange. Recently I have become more interested in telephonist's work and would like to take it up seriously somewhere in the Goulburn Valley, Vic., but I do not know where or how to go about getting work. I have not had a great deal of schooling. Do you think that would be any drawback?"

"Brown Eyes," Tumbarumba, N.S.W.

Write to the Director of Posts and Telegraphs, Melbourne, and ask him for details of vacancies and conditions of employment in the Goulburn Valley. If there are no vacancies there, you could apply in N.S.W., either in your own town or area or in the metropolitan district. For work in N.S.W., apply in writing to the District Telephone Officer in the nearest big town or speak to your local postmaster about it; for work in Sydney, apply in writing to the Telephone Branch Recruitment Officer, G.P.O., Sydney. Jobs come in two categories, one for permanent telephonists and the other for temporary ones. The permanent jobs are decided after a simple competitive examination in arithmetic and spelling, but the temporary vacancies are filled without sitting for an examination. "Temporary" jobs often last for years.

"PLEASE tell me how many flying hours and what education is necessary to become a civil airline pilot."

"High Flyer," Narrandera, N.S.W.

A minimum of 165 flying hours is necessary before you obtain your commercial flying licence, but at times some airline companies have demanded up to 1000 flying hours. Before you qualify for a commercial licence you must pass an examination in five subjects: meteorology, navigation, engines, principles of flight, and air legislation, and hold a flight radio-telephony operator's licence. Individual airlines do at times demand additional qualifications. One commercial airline advertising for pilots recently specified that the applicants must have the Leaving Certificate or its equivalent. The minimum age for a civil airline pilot is 19. For full details you should write direct to the Department of Civil Aviation at Balls Head Road, Waverton, N.S.W.

"I WANT to go fruit-picking and would appreciate any advice you could give as to where to apply for employment during the season. I would prefer the border district between N.S.W. and Victoria, not South Australia."

"Fruit Fly," Rockhampton, Qld.

Write to the District Employment Officer, 56 Madden Avenue, Mildura, Vic., and ask him about a job. Tell him your age and how long you are prepared to work as a fruitpicker. Inquiries we have made emphasise that a fruit-picking job for a girl is hard to come by, mainly because of the accommodation difficulties.

You would be required, if you got a suitable job, to pay your own fare from Rockhampton to either Albury or Melbourne, depending on the district in which the job is located. The fare is generally paid from these points onward.

"PLEASE tell me where I can find out about becoming a hairdresser. Is it possible for someone who hasn't a flair for setting hair to be taught?"

Marion, Castlemaine, Vic.

The Hairdressers' Registration Board of Victoria, 377 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, will give you all the information you want if you write to them. I understand that even without a natural flair for hairsetting, hairdressing colleges can train pupils to be competent hairdressers.

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

THIS week Debbie makes creamed prawn savories for summer parties. Sometimes she flavors them with curry powder for variety.

CREAMED PRAWN SAVORIES

Three-quarter cup shelled chopped prawns, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, pinch mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, dash cayenne, 1½ cups milk, squeeze lemon juice, parsley sprigs, pastry or bread savory boats or cases.

1. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, stir until smooth.
2. Cook two to three minutes, stirring to prevent browning.
3. Add mustard, salt, cayenne, then milk.
4. Stir over gentle heat until boiling and thickened.
5. Add prawns, onion, and lemon juice.
6. Arrange savory boats or cases on oven trays and fill with prawn mixture.
7. Heat in moderate oven before serving garnished with parsley.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ DISC DIGEST ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

LONG overdue is an LP from Noel Coward, but the omission is partly remedied with the arrival of B07693R entitled "I'll See You Again."

If, when you're playing it, anyone trots out that tired old remark, "But Coward can't sing, can he?" just ignore it. He's not billed as a singer. He merely writes delightful music, brilliantly witty lyrics, produces and acts in plays and films, and writes books and short stories.

Besides, he knows about his frail voice. I remember meeting him and asking how I could obtain his deleted disc of "Zigeuner." He merely chuckled and said, "I shouldn't bother if I were you . . . it stinks, anyway!"

This new disc has been recorded quite recently and, frankly, some of the old zest has gone, notably in the famous "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" and "Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage." Possibly the original 78s will one day be transferred to LP, along with some of the other songs which are heard on the present record—"A Room With a View," "Someday I'll Find You," "Poor Little Rich Girl," "Uncle Harry," and the title song, which is the greatest hit Coward has ever had.

In addition to the above we have two rarities: Coward singing "World Weary" (first introduced by the unique Beatrice Lillie), and "Alice," a number which, I feel, must be a first recording. He calls it "a rustic, rather unsophisticated little number," but, although the setting is certainly rustic, the goings-on of Alice are anything but naive. The girl is one saucy package, as you might imagine if you are a Coward connoisseur. The album notes are also written by the composer, and he has smooth support from Wally Stott and His Orchestra.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

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Whether you buy a large Mortein Pressure*Pak for 15/11 or an 8-oz. bottle of Mortein Plus for 2/3, you will get the best insecticide that money can buy, so the important thing is to *insist on Mortein* and "When you're on a good thing—stick to it."

MORTEIN INSECT POWDER will quickly kill silverfish, cockroaches, ants and fleas. Mortein Insect Powder is specially recommended for the destruction of fleas on dogs because it is non-irritating. The original Mortein Insect Powder was the forerunner of all household insecticides in Australia and the new improved Mortein Insect Powder is the most modern in the Commonwealth to-day.

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HIS SERENE HIGHNESS Prince Louis Rainier III of Monaco, whose recent engagement to American actress Grace Kelly has made headlines, with a young lioness from his private zoo, which is one of his favorite hobbies.

ENGAGEMENT picture of Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier taken in Grace's Philadelphia home. It will be the first marriage for both. They are Roman Catholics.

ROYAL PALACE of the Princes of Monaco. This 220-roomed, 13th-century castle, filled with priceless treasures of all kinds, will become the official residence of Princess-to-be Gracia and Prince Rainier after their marriage.

Prince's betrothal delights Monaco

The 22,000 loyal subjects of His Serene Highness Prince Louis Rainier III of Monaco are looking forward to the best and biggest party of their lives some time after Easter when their Sovereign marries his American love, Miss Grace Kelly.

MONAGASQUES still remember with smackings of lips the party at the 220-roomed, 13th century palace of the Princes of Monaco in May, 1949, when Prince Rainier succeeded his grandfather, Prince Louis, to the gold-and-silver throne of the world's smallest kingdom.

Every native Monagasque (about 10 per cent. of the principality's population) was invited to the party after seeing their Prince receive the gold keys of Monte Carlo on a scarlet cushion.

With Rainier's marriage bringing hopes of an heir to save Monaco from becoming part of France (with French taxes and military service) the Monagasques plan for even greater celebrations than the champagne, roast bullocks, fireworks, and fairy lights of the coronation party.

The romance of Rainier and his Grace, though it took the world by surprise, wasn't as whirlwind as all that.

The dark, dapper, and rather plumpish Prince was first smitten by Miss Kelly's cool beauty two years ago. She was then in Monte Carlo doing the location sequences for the Alfred Hitchcock film "To Catch a Thief."

Romance blossomed further last March, when Grace went again to the Riviera during the Cannes Film Festival.

Rainier's visit to America, with a ruby-and-diamond engagement ring in his pocket and the discontented mutterings of his subjects about his bachelordom in his ears, was the sequel to that second meeting.

When his mission was successfully completed and the engagement was announced to the Press in the Philadelphia mansion of Grace's father—Irish-born multi-millionaire builder John Kelly—the scene was a kleig-lit bedlam.

Miss Kelly wore a champagne-colored brocade dress with matching jacket. The Prince was clad in a dark blue suit and tie, with the tiny red emblem of the French Legion of Honor in his lapel.

As the two sat side by side on a spindly sofa, a photographer shouted: "Hey, Prince, kiss her!" Others shouted "Hold it," and "Look this way!"

Several large vases fell to the floor with a crash as the 75 cameramen and reporters milled around the lounge-room.

PRINCESS ANTOINETTE, 35-year-old sister of Prince Rainier, with her brother. Antoinette, mother of three children, is the divorced wife of Aleco Noghes, a Monagasque.

Ill-at-ease

BOTH Grace and the Prince seemed ill-at-ease amid the clamor. Miss Kelly took her fiance's hand consolingly.

"Go on. Kiss him," photographers ordered.

Miss Kelly nuzzled his left cheek.

"Do it again," they chorused.

Graces mother, a German-born former model, interceded.

"Now, not too familiar with the Prince," she chided.

Then it was the reporters' turn. Where would they live?

"In Monaco," Grace answered. "I'll study French."

How many children did she want?

Grace laughed demurely. The Prince grinned. Mama Kelly came to the rescue.

"I would say a lot," she said. "I'm a grandmother, and love a large family."

As the principals got up to leave the Press conference, Papa Kelly surveyed the crowd and said: "I'm glad I built this house myself, or we'd all be down in the cellar by now."

When his daughter brought the Prince home for Christmas, Mr. Kelly added, he thought Rainier was going to stay for only a couple of hours.

"But he stayed and stayed and stayed," said Mr. Kelly. "They both went round with stars in their eyes."

However, Mr. Kelly admitted, at first he looked on the Prince with something less than complete confidence.

"When I saw how things were," he told pressmen, "I laid it right on the line. I told the Prince that royalty doesn't mean a thing to us. I told him that I certainly hoped he wouldn't run around the way some princes do. I told him that if he did he'd lose a mighty fine girl."

The Prince, he said, assured him that he intended to take no chances on losing Grace, and pointed out that he liked "the straightforward American way."

The plain speaking of Mr. Kelly's "straightforward American way" probably wasn't such a surprise to Prince Rainier as it would have been to most princes.

During the past few years he's heard plenty of plain speaking, mostly from his own Council of State—a collection of Monagasque elders who've been nagging the Prince to marry ever since he came to the throne.

Several years ago his one definite effort to take their advice brought a further storm of plain speech round his ears. The bride he proposed to take was French film star Giselle Pascal.

Rejected

CURVACEOUS daughter of an impoverished French greengrocer, Giselle had at one time sold tomatoes from a street stall.

Such a background did not find favor with his Council of State and in 1953 Rainier's romance came to an abrupt end.

From then until he met Grace, Rainier, despite a daily bombardment of postal proposals from ladies all over the world, clung determinedly to his role of Europe's most eligible bachelor.

An effort a couple of years ago to entice him to join the King of Greece's luxury cruise of the Mediterranean on a ship loaded with most of the marriageable princesses of Europe met with his dogged refusal.

Instead he devoted his leisure to his two favorite sports—spear-fishing and collecting wild animals for his private zoo.

Neither of these sports met with much favor from his subjects.

Skin diving, even in the tideless, sharkless Mediterranean, is not the safest of pastimes for a bachelor whose hopes of an heir are also his people's hopes of freedom from foreign control.

His passion for wild animals (he's been photographed patting a lioness, kissing a chimpanzee, and being hugged by a cheetah) didn't win much approval either from the hard-headed Monagasques.

A French magazine said last September that the people of Monaco felt it was about time their Prince started lavishing his affections on something a little more human than lions and leopards.

His working time he devoted to the involved and intrigue - ridden Monagasque affairs of state.

Recently, with dissatisfaction about Monaco's lack of an heir growing in the principality, moves to depose Rainier have been made. Rumor says one such move was led by his 35-year-old sister, Princess Antoinette, who possibly saw an heir in one of her own three children.

Though this rumor was officially denied, it can't be said that all has been as rosy as it might have in Rainier's minute kingdom.

All this, loyal Monagasques hope, will now be changed.

With the help of the new Princess-to-be, so young, so beautiful, and so rich, they can see Monaco and its centuries-old line of princes taking on again all their former wealth and glory, with parties, prosperity (and no taxes) for everyone.

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GRACE KELLY AND HER TWO PRINCES

PRINCE RAINIER III of Monaco, whose wedding to American stage and film star Grace Kelly is scheduled to take place sometime after Easter.

GRACE KELLY, shortly to be the real-life bride of Prince Rainier of Monaco, shares a royal screen romance with Alec Guinness (below), who plays a prince in a new film entitled "The Swan."

Royal roles in fact and film

• Sweet-faced Grace Kelly, shown here with her real-life prince, Rainier of Monaco (above), and film prince, Alec Guinness (right), is finding that reality and fiction can coincide in the film world.

SINCE completing a Hollywood film role opposite English star Alec Guinness in "The Swan" just before Christmas, Grace announced her forthcoming marriage.

But Prince Rainier pursued the actress across the Atlantic while the prince in "The Swan" is a reluctant suitor.

Playwright Ferenc Molnar wrote "The Swan" a long time ago. It is a romantic comedy about a princess who sets out to rope in an eligible prince because her ambitious mamma suggests that it is a desirable thing to do.

Over the years this delightful excursion into the realms of make-believe became a classic of the stage. It has been translated into almost every language and performed by leading theatricals all over the world.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer assembled a brilliant cast to bring this amusing play to the screen.

It is headed by Grace Kelly, winner of the 1955 "best actress" award, Alec Guinness, the noted British character actor, and handsome Louis Jourdan, from France.

Veterans Brian Aherne, Agnes Moorehead, and Leo G. Carroll fill the main feature roles.

Playing her first Hollywood role since her award-winning performance as the long-suffering "Country Girl," Grace, who has been tagged "the new queen of Hollywood," revels in the role of a princess who possesses a warm heart but no throne.

It is interesting that Alec Guinness, who is, perhaps, England's most celebrated screen actor, chose "The Swan" for his American debut film.

It goes without saying that Guinness received many handsome offers from Hollywood. But until "The Swan" came along he turned them all down politely but firmly.

It is clear that he simply could not resist the part of Prince Albert, the film's wise but indifferent suitor, with the many comedy opportunities that it affords.

The Biltmore estate of the late George W. Vanderbilt, built in 1895 in Asheville, North Carolina, provides fabulous backgrounds for the new picture.

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"Baby Talk" Contest

This week we print the 12th picture in our series of "Baby Talk" studies. Readers are invited to send in the captions they think most aptly convey the baby's expression.

BABY No. 9 (picture below left) was seen by readers in a greater variety of roles than any baby to date, and the captions were the most varied and original yet.

A caption showing the baby in the Charles Laughton role of Captain Bligh of the Bounty and saying, "This is mutiny, Mr. Christian," won the £50 first prize.

It was submitted by Mr. S. F. Newman, 4 Syme St., Ashford, S.A.

£10 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. R. Shenton, 18 Park St., Malvern, Vic.

"Who tidied up my desk?"

Mrs. H. A. Mosel, Box 1, Post Office, Wyalkatchem, W.A.

"Don't handle the food, please, Madam."

Mrs. R. Mathews, 17 Grandview St., Naremburn, N.S.W.

"I'll have no daughter of mine wearing slacks."

£5 prizes were awarded to:

Mr. T. C. Summons, 102 Bellevue Ave., Denistone, N.S.W.

"Who told that girl she could type!"

Mrs. B. Hesketh, 399 Berwick St., Millen Estate, Perth.

"I want three volunteers—you, you, and you."

Mrs. Dorothy Moffatt, 10 Glen Park St., Mackay North, Qld.

"Who's been sharpening pencils with my razor?"

£1 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. Elayne R. Livsey, 605 Paine St., Albury, N.S.W.

"Madam, would you kindly remove your hat!"

Mrs. E. E. Kirby, 67 Prince St., Mosman, N.S.W.

"Back to the footpath, Madam."

Mrs. L. Thomson, 1 May St., Sunshine W.20, Vic.

"Didn't I tell you kids not to touch that paint?"

E. Clayton, Bribie Island, Qld.

"Step out, the boy who threw it."

Mrs. Betty Henderson, 1480 Pacific Highway, Warrawee, N.S.W.

"You'll have to get a plumber!"

For the first time, in "Baby Talk" No. 9, no particular caption emerged as an out-and-out favorite, although the judges recall coming across many duplicates of "By gum, chum," and "Mum's the word."

Readers for once were hard put to find a likeness for the baby, two seeing him as Charles Laughton, one as Fred MacMurray, and one as President Eisenhower.

New roles for the baby were those of long-distance runner, commando, detective, defeated "do-it-yourself" home handyman, and aircraft pilot.

Many entrants favored the more obvious roles of irate father, exasperated motorist, and severe schoolmaster and judge.

Each week we award a first prize of £50, three of £10, three of £5, and five of £1 for captions which best sum up what the baby is saying.

"Baby Talk" No. 12 closes on January 30, and results will be given in our issue dated February 15.

Contest rules are published at right. But remember to attach the entry coupon to your captions so that judges will know to which picture you mean them to refer.

"This is mutiny, Mr. Christian."

"Baby Talk" No. 12

CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 12 close on JANUARY 30. Winners will be announced in our issue dated FEBRUARY 15.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.
6. When entries are duplicated, the first one opened will be put aside for further judging.
7. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

ENTRY COUPON
The Australian Women's Weekly
"Baby Talk" Contest
NO. 12
January 25, 1956

Worth Reporting

DAVY CROCKETT has had some stiff competition lately from handsome young Czech Frank Kubala.

Frank, who recently completed a two-year, 2000-mile voyage from Cooktown, North Queensland, to Sydney in a dugout canoe, has stirred the imagination of young and old with his adventures.

More than 8000 men, women, and children saw his craft when it was exhibited in Sydney.

Frank, who came to Australia five years ago, left Cooktown on January 1, 1954, with no practical sailing experience behind him. He carried neither map nor compass and steered a course by the stars.

"I lived on fish speared overboard, turtle eggs, Torres Strait pigeons, coconuts, and wild goats I found and killed on lonely islands," he said.

He built his craft on the lines of a Micronesian "gul" from a kapok log, and hollowed it with adze, axe, hammer, and chisel.

"I dropped a few kapok chips in a basin of water," said Frank, "and at the end of 3½ months they were still floating and I knew the craft would be seaworthy.

"Many tiny islands had no coconut trees, so I planted a few on them."

For the time being, Frank plans to settle down to a 9 to 5 job in Sydney, and write a book about his voyage. His craft has been moved to Taronga Park Zoo, where it is on exhibition.

They're offering bursaries

THE Kindergarten Union of New South Wales is offering six bursaries worth £200 a year each to girls who wish to take the three years' diploma course at the Kindergarten Training College.

Graduates of the training college work as pre-school advisers as far afield as Alice Springs, Nauru, and New Guinea.

The bursaries are intended to encourage girls to enter the pre-school education field, where there is a severe shortage of teachers.

The diploma course at the Kindergarten Training College costs 60 guineas a year for tuition, and 150 guineas a year for board at Froebel House, the attached residence.

When fully trained, a kindergarten teacher begins her career on a salary of £555 a year. She may earn up to £705 a year as a director of a centre.

The Kindergarten Union of New South Wales, which celebrated its diamond jubilee last year, runs 39 kindergartens. Parents pay only about 13/6 a week for milk, fruit-juice, and a hot midday meal for their children.

★ ★ ★

AN Australian just back from an overseas trip tells of an incident on a railway station platform somewhere in the heart of Ireland.

"I was waiting for a train," he said. "I didn't know the time, so I looked for the station clock. There were two of them—one said 3.45 and the other said 4.15.

"I asked the stationmaster: 'What's the use of having two clocks that tell different times?'

"He replied in a thick Irish brogue, 'And what's the use of having two clocks if they both tell the same time?'"

Handy with a rifle

FIRST OFFICER Elizabeth Hill, of the W.R.N.S., on loan to the Women's Royal Australian Naval Service as acting Chief Officer and navy veteran of 15 years' service, has just made her first sea voyage outside England.

Before travelling to Australia to take up her posting, First Officer Hill's only other sea travel was a crossing to the Isle of Man.

"This Australian posting is among the most treasured hopes of W.R.N.S. officers," she said.

First Officer Hill is looking forward to some shooting while in Australia. She uses a .22 rifle, has a reputation in the W.R.N.S. for her "straight" eye, and has helped the Navy to victory in many rifle competitions against the other women's Services.

World's smallest railway

ENGLISHMAN Captain John Howey owns the smallest public railway in the world.

His 15in.-gauge double track runs 14 miles along the English coast through the Kent Marshes to the Dungeness Lighthouse.

The track passes along the edge of the Howeys' private garden in Littlestone, and the Littlestone station nearby is the train's maintenance headquarters.

The nine locomotives and passenger carriages are built to scale and conform with the Department of Transport regulations.

Captain Howey's railway began as a hobby 30 years ago. He designed his dream train, with help from an engineer, and he and his wife chose the names of the "titled" carriages.

The principal carriage is "Winston Churchill."

The carriages, high enough for average-height people to stand up in, seat four to eight passengers.

The Howeys' train line is now a going tourist concern, carrying between 300,000 and 400,000 sightseers each summer season.

The jobs of driver and guard on the little train are coveted among British railwaymen.

The line closes for repairs during the English winter, so the Howeys have taken time off to travel. They are at present in Australia.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

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MAD HATTERS' PARTY GUESTS are (from left) Gillian Blackbourn, Dianne Klippel, Jill Tait, Prudence Osborne, and Anne Ward. The party was given at the Pacific Club, Palm Beach, for club members' "'tween-age" children and their friends. Their ages ranged from eight to 15 years.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

AFTER four years in Singapore, Hugh Birch and his wife, Marjorie, will be back in Sydney at the end of April and will make their home here.

THEY plan to tour the East for a few weeks after leaving Singapore late next month.

Marjorie's mother, Mrs. N. H. Hall, of Mosman, will be one of the first to greet her daughter and son-in-law when they arrive. It's not long since they've seen one another . . . Mrs. Hall stayed with Hugh and Marjorie on her way home from a recent trip overseas.

• • •

TRIXIE McGIRR has decided on the time and place for her wedding . . . Paris in the spring. Daughter of Mrs. McGirr, of North Sydney, and the late Mr. Greg McGirr, Trixie will marry Kevin Gardiner, of Bondi. More excitement came for the McGirr family early this month, when Trixie's sister, Mrs. Bing Molyneux, of Melbourne, gave birth to her fourth son. He will be christened Fabian John.

• • •

I LIKE the way Mrs. Peter Playfair dramatises her suntan . . . wearing an Italian - style skirt of white straw and a matching, decollete cotton top.

• • •

THERE'S a wonderful itinerary set out for Mr. and Mrs. J. D. K. Roche, of Edgecliff, who left in Oronsay last week for eight months overseas. Mrs. Roche tells me they'll disembark at Colombo, en route for Wellington, India, to visit their son-in-law and daughter, Major and Mrs. Austin Chapman, and their children, John and Belinda. Mr. and Mrs. Roche will spend three weeks touring India with Mrs. Chapman.

Then it's on to Naples, Paris, and London. From London, the Roches will go on to the Bahamas, Peru, and Chile. They also plan to stay six weeks in America on the way home.

THREE-YEAR-OLD Susan Kersey had a very young guest at her birthday celebrations this week . . . her baby sister, Sarah Jane, who was born on Christmas Eve. Susan and Sarah are the daughters of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Michael Kersey, of Malta.

• • •

THERE will be a meeting of some members of the Morgan clan—two brothers and a sister—in London next February. Dr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan, of Coogee, are in Edinburgh at present — Frank is doing a post-graduate course —and they'll leave Edinburgh for London some time in February. Frank's brother Kerin and his wife, who live at Forbes, arrived in England early last month. And Angela Morgan, of Parkes, who has been in the United States and Canada for the past eighteen months, leaves for England soon.

Anne

LEAVING for the reception at the Australia Hotel following their wedding at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, are Mr. and Mrs. Tom Magney. The bride was formerly Deirdre Niall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Niall, of Melbourne. Tom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Magney, of Bellevue Hill.

YOUNG THEATRE-GOERS. Sue Collins and Paul Lennon at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown, for the opening night of Ray Lawler's play, "The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll." This is the first play by an Australian author to be produced by the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust.

PRIZEWINNERS. Rosemary Watchorn and John Holmes won prizes for the maddest hats at the Pacific Club's party. Rosemary was "hitting a nail on the head" and John called his mad hat "one for the road" — a warning to drivers. A feature of the party was the guests' millinery ingenuity.

TYCOON AND FAIR LADY. Wearing a battered panama hat at a rakish angle, Sandy Dawson puffs at a (fake) cigar, watched by Mabs Maitland, in another panama hat, peek-a-boo style. They were among more than a hundred guests at the Mad Hatters' party held at the Pacific Club.

CHRISTENING. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Chisholm (left), of "Napperby," Alice Springs, at St. Mark's, Darling Point, after the christening of their eight-month-old son, Roy James. The baby is held by his godfather, Mr. Douglas Lamb, while godmother Mrs. John Minter looks on. Roy's other godfather is Tony's cousin, the Earl of Rosslyn. Mrs. Chisholm was Judy Marsland, daughter of the George Marslands, Vaucluse.

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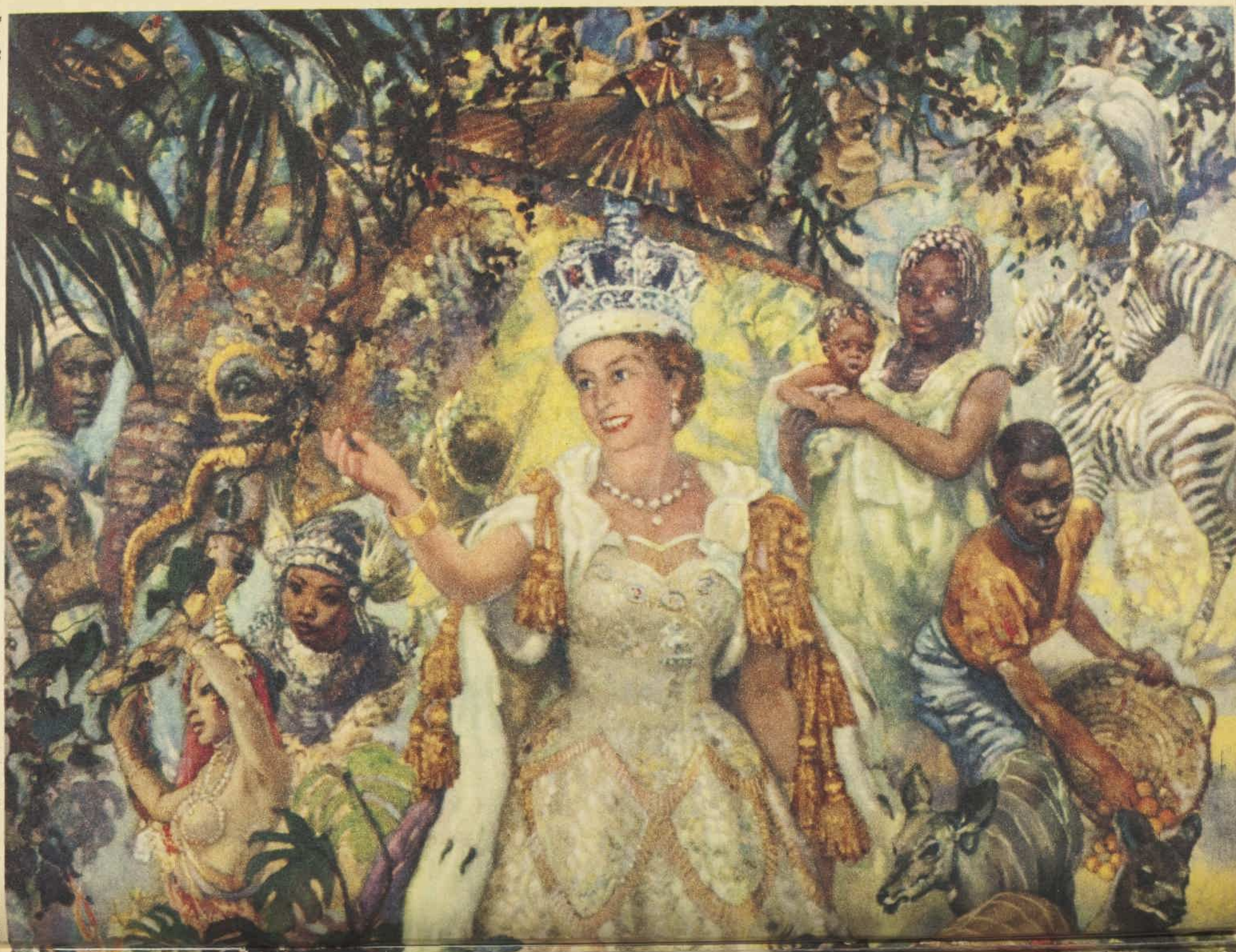

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Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

THIS latest portrait of Queen Elizabeth was painted by English artist Grace Wheatley and was on show at the recent annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters in London.

It symbolises the Crown as the link binding together the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The Queen did not sit for the painting. Mrs. Wheatley, however, had seen Her Majesty many times and had taken the opportunity to study her facial expressions.

She went to see the Coronation Robes when they were on display and made many sketches.

The portrait took a year to complete.

The Ceylonese dancers on the Queen's right were the only people shown in the portrait whom Mrs. Wheatley had never seen.

The African woman with baby, near the Queen's left hand, was a Masai woman who worked for Mrs. Wheatley and her husband, the late Professor John Wheatley, when they lived in South Africa.

The zebras were painted from earlier drawings made by Mrs. Wheatley, and the wallaby in the right-hand foreground of the portrait was sketched at Regent's Park Zoo, London.

In the left-hand side of the painting, partly obscured by foliage, is Bobo, one of Mrs. Wheatley's grandchildren.

Perhaps the most fascinating object in the painting is the umbrella over the Queen's head.

It is a ceremonial Fijian umbrella which was brought back for Mrs. Wheatley by friends. Made last century, it is gold-plated. The gold makes the umbrella very valuable, but, also, almost impossible to close.

Section of the painting showing Her Majesty's head in detail appears on our cover this week.

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning JAN. 23

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Lucky gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. There is luck in many friends.	★ After all you must relax on occasion, and this week your job will just slide along in the groove, with few worries. There may be new members of the staff.	★ Many visitors and much casual entertaining. Since they will be sure to come unheralded, keep that guest shelf filled with emergency rations.	★ That romantic admiration, previously vague, may suddenly turn into real, conscious love. This could be due to a slight incident. You'll feel thrilled.	★ You're stepping out and going gay, all of you, both young and old. Much of your activity is likely to take place out of doors. Teenagers will be popular.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucy number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, deep blue. Lucky gambling colors, blue, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. There is luck in superiors.	★ Prestige, future promotion may be more important to you than money. If a homemaker, you may shift to a more expensive locality, or change your style of living.	★ Events may keep you running errands, making hasty adjustments, with little time to spare for ordinary housekeeping. Some of you lock up and go to town for a change.	★ Should the beloved compete in sporting, or other social events, you'll have the chance to applaud heartily. Otherwise, a distinction is likely to be bestowed.	★ Business acquaintances may develop into social contacts and take you into a new world which has hitherto appeared to be closed to you completely.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Lucky gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Your luck lies in travel.	★ Plans of study in connection with your occupation are in the air. This can go all the way from courses in commercial or art subjects, to cake-decorating.	★ Lucky natives will be bent on holiday travel. If a parent you may put wheels under your home and leave for "foreign parts" in a caravan, gipsying to the bush or beach.	★ Strangers met when travelling frequently have a charm due to novelty. You may be attracted to a member of the opposite sex because you are in an adventure.	★ With a strong desire for new scenes, you go off for the day, weekend, or annual holidays. You will collect many new ideas and discover interesting new activities.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Lucky gambling colors, gold, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Your luck lies in hidden places.	★ A fatter pay-envelope is always welcome. Some of you will have cause for rejoicing in that connection. If applying for a position be clear as to the work involved.	★ If you're buying or selling houses and land, or leasing or sub-letting, you should hear interesting news this week. Any transaction of this kind should be highly satisfactory.	★ Should the one you love most be absent, or too busy with an important project to spend much time with you, spend the time in attending to your own affairs.	★ Cutting down on social life will at least give you a chance to rest your nerves. Finding you would like more time to yourself, you may be reduced to making excuses.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Lucky gambling color, purple. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. There's luck in being loved.	★ There is sociability connected with whatever you are doing. You may be put on work with a team-mate, or arrange to lighten tasks for other people.	★ In consultation with the members of the household, you may decide to indulge in a luxury in which all can share. This decision is likely to be carried out post-haste.	★ An offer of marriage, if young and eligible. Engaged couples begin to think of wedding days. More than one middle-aged lover finds a love that adds zest to living.	★ Evening parties, mixed parties, or family outings are apt to be the order of events. In some cases, announcement parties or pre-wedding festivities.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastels. Gambling colors, all combinations. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. There's luck in knocking off early.	★ Interviews, demonstrations, advice from the more experienced are likely to clear some of the obstacles from your path. If an old hand, take a beginner over.	★ Overflowing with energy, you may spend time in the garden if a suburbanite, or turning out odds and ends from boxes or cupboards if you live in a flat.	★ Giving your loved one a surprise? Some of you are working hard to please the man or woman of your choice. This is likely to take the form of a personal effort.	★ If you belong to a club, you may be working in an heroic effort to improve its facilities, or you may be raising funds for the work it carries on.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Lucky gambling color, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. You are luck's darling this week.	★ Many of you will venture out in a new direction, particularly if you are a voluntary worker. You may be asked to take charge of an effort for a good cause.	★ If a parent, children and their needs are foremost. Some are away on a visit or bring home friends, others are being prepared for approaching school days.	★ The next time he calls be sure the home atmosphere is pleasant. Wear your prettiest frock and try a few flowers in the lounge. If you can't cook, learn.	★ Informal amusements, which require no effort on your part, will appeal to the no-longer-quite-so-young. If you're asked to dash off to the pictures, you'll accept.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Lucky gambling colors, white, rose. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Your luck lies in new beginnings.	★ You might resign in a fit of disgust because of displeasing factors beyond your control, or just because you wanted a break. Your domestic instincts are in force.	★ You're digging yourself in. It's a case of domestic experiments, whether they are bestowed on cookery, dressmaking, or interior decorating. You'll be well occupied.	★ If the boy or girl friend is tired, and in no mood for noise and excitement, try a quiet evening in your own home, where you can both relax.	★ You may not want to stray far from home just now. You may even cross off any thoughts of extensive hospitality, but folks are liable to drift in and add gaiety.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Your luck lies among people.	★ Your work is likely to take you on short journeys and among people. You will have to do more talking than usual, but you should find the experience worth while.	★ There is some possibility of the loss of a letter or parcel mailed to you. This could be due to a mistake in the address, or carelessness about instructions.	★ Why not an outing, a picnic, or a visit to mutual friends who have a cottage at the beach? Those are the occasions on which your sign is really in its element.	★ There may be appointments with friends, relatives, or other arrangements which take you on short expeditions. You'll be likely to hear a good deal of harmless gossip.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Lucky gambling colors, blue, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck lies in shops and offices.	★ You could be asked to work overtime, or you receive a bit of extra commission. This influence is especially favorable to those who sell goods and services.	★ Home finances are important to you just now. Many of you go on a budget or make up your minds to save to gratify a wish. The family may not notice.	★ That handsome stranger, who appeared so dashing a week or two ago, may ask you for a loan until pay day, or seek to borrow an article you value.	★ You may be obliged through lack of time or pressure of business affairs to limit your social life. This could be a welcome let-up until you have cleared the decks.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, purple, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Allow your heart to rule your head.	★ Whatever business you wish to accomplish, do it in person. Your magnetic forces are at their best. Those hunting a job should find the right approach.	★ Your home suits you. If it doesn't suit other people that is just too bad. Criticisms are not particularly welcomed as a rule. If an elder is sharp, be tactful.	★ All right, you've made up your mind you've met the one and only. Conditions are perfect for moonlight and roses, but first words of love may be at a bus stop.	★ This is the right moment in which to take the initiative. Be the first to issue an invitation, make suggestions to your group, persuade others to adopt them.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. All things come to those who wait.	★ Confidential information may lead you to take unexpected action. Quiet faith in your capacity to meet any situation will pay off handsomely.	★ You may shut your door and withdraw from recent activities to attend to your personal affairs. Catch up on tasks postponed by the holidays.	★ You need time to think it over. You take love seriously and you dread being rushed into any formal understanding. The fact is, you would prefer to go on as you are.	★ Should you have been hurt through criticism or coldness, don't hit back. Wait until you hear an explanation, for there is sure to be a quite reasonable one.

How to dress SIX daughters and Save Money!

"I've proved that clothes give longer wear washed in Velvet Soap"

says young Mrs. CALLAGHAN, of State School, Sassafras, Victoria.

MEET THE PRETTY CALLAGHANS. There's a little bit of Ireland about these laughing-eyed Callaghan girls. "And about their high spirit, too," adds their mother. "They're often in mischief . . . and their clothes are always in the wash. I'm certainly glad of Velvet's extra-soapy suds for those extra grimy parts! And Velvet makes their clothes last so well they can be handed down to the younger ones."

OUTSIZE WASH-UP. "We all help when washing-up's on, Aunt Jenny," says Mrs. Callaghan. "With Velvet's lovely soapy suds we clean up in no time and good, pure Velvet is so gentle for the skin—it keeps my hands nice and smooth."

Buy the big economy bar and save money

says Aunt Jenny

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N.S.W.

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Can it be true . . .

can it possibly be true . . that she doesn't mind doing her own washing?

The lady I bark for has a Bentley. Her costume jewellery — take it from me — is set with real jewels. She has everything that you, or any other woman, could dream of wanting. Except servants! And who can keep servants these days?

So we had to face up to it. We had to buy a washing machine and we considered only the best.

The Malley's Automatic looked best. Smart as our Bentley. Its performance proved to be just as beautiful, too! We can put 12 lbs. of wash into it at a time. Then we press a button and out we go to lunch.

After you press the button, Malleys Automatic pre-soaks the clothes while it heats up the water . . . washes them in the correct temperature for the correct number of minutes . . . gives them a deep, warm water rinse . . . two live water rinses with a spin dry after each rinse . . . "air tumbles" the clothes to damp dry and switches itself off.

By the time we get home, the clothes are waiting for us sparkling clean.

It's just a matter of hanging the spun-dry wash on the hoist and then we take our afternoon siesta.

The salesman kept telling us that it's the only washing machine that does not need a hot water system.

You must see it demonstrated. 171 gns.

P.S. You'd never expect that Boxer dog to mention it, but easy terms are available everywhere.

Dress by Dior

Washing machine by Malleys

Boxer: Fireball of Emefar (imported from U.S.A.). Park Royal Boxer Kennels, 40 St. Johns Avenue, Gordon, N.S.W.

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the big one-way ticket

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QANTAS

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

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Continuing . . . .

Yesterday's Dream

from page 3

are a lot of people coming to my party."

You made that room come alive for us, filled it with a score of people with whom you held fantastic, imaginary conversations. We sat there enthralled while you moved among them, and I swear we could see the wink of diamonds, the bright green of the train you managed so deftly.

Then you turned, laughing, towards us, and you were Stephanie again; a little girl in a cotton frock, standing in a dusty, sunlit room, triumphant because, for a while, you had carried us into your world of fantasy.

Oh, the enchanted springs and summers we spent there! Even in autumn and winter we came; we filled jam-jars with berries and flowers, we lit crackling wood fires in the grates. There was our little secret cache of chocolate that the mice feasted on, the thick wax candles we saved for out of our pocketmoney.

No memory is lovelier than the one I have of the candle-lit room, the long shadows creeping across the walls, little fingers of flame poking among the piled wood on the hearth, the two of us curled up there watching you. That night you were a ballerina, I remember; candle-flames bobbed and curtsied to you as you pirouetted.

There are candles tonight, Stephanie. I shall light them in the summer dusk, presently.

. . . . . .

It was you who furnished every room in that house, with all the fantastic, crazy beautiful things you had ever heard about or dreamed of or seen. Brocaded chairs and curtains, a spinet, lacquered cabinets, silver candlesticks, little tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Once Tara said, in that soft, serious voice of hers:

"But what would you do with all those things in a cottage?"

You laughed. "Do? Just — enjoy them, I suppose. I like having pretty things to look at and use."

"What would you have?" I asked Tara suddenly; and the color ran under her pale skin. She bent her head forward until the soft brown hair flopped over her cheeks.

"Come on, tell us!" we insisted. "You never say, Tara."

Tara said slowly: "I'd have ordinary things. Nothing so wonderful as silver and brocade and mother-of-pearl. Just books, chairs, and lamps, and curtains with bunches of hollyhocks on them, and fat woolly rugs."

I remember we laughed. And you said: "It sounds cosy — especially the 'fat woolly rugs' part."

Cosy — yes. But very ordinary — and I loved your bright, glittering, romantic world.

Sometimes you went to the cottage by yourself; in time, I came to like that best of all. I would walk along the path from the bluebell wood, to find you crouched over the fire like a gipsy, or dreaming in the window-seat. I began to be glad that Tara wasn't always there. I'd stop in the doorway and call out:

"Who are you today?"

You invariably laughed at that before you made some crazy reply:

"I'm the Lady Stephanie in gold crinoline, with bird of paradise feathers in my hair, and a peacock-feather fan."

But, with the years, your dreams were more conventionally clothed. At fifteen you were dramatic in black cocktail dresses or arty in purple velvet slacks. I didn't like the sudden change, the disappearance of all that was mad and flamboyant. But we were growing up . . .

At sixteen you went into Feringham every day to learn shorthand and typing. Our careers were taking shape; you wanted to be somebody's secretary — in London, of course, where else? Tara wanted —of all things—to teach domestic science. My uncle offered me a start in the family business when I was eighteen.

"I shall only be at Feringham," I said to you. "Why do you want to go away to London?"

"To see what goes on in the world," you said lightly.

I can still remember the anxiety in my voice. "Will you come back?"

"Of course, silly. People don't go away forever. We've had fun in this old cottage, haven't we? Let's bring our supper up tomorrow evening—we could borrow Tara's portable gramophone for dancing—couldn't we——?" But even as you turned to her for confirmation, Tara jumped up and said quickly:

"I shan't come. It's all nonsense pretending. It's just a stupid old cottage with holes in the roof and the walls falling down."

I felt somehow betrayed. Tara, who had once said the roof was patched with blue sky! I watched her walk away down the path, and you said:

"Tara's so odd lately. Never mind, we'll come by ourselves."

Tara came less and less to the cottage; her plate and cup and saucer stayed in the hiing-place by her, and the fact somehow irritated me.

We planned our last evening together; supper at the cottage, candles, gramophone music. I wanted it to be just the two of us; I wondered why you insisted on Tara coming, and I was hurt; that evening should have belonged to the two of us.

Still, it was a gay enough party. Early autumn, and the jam-jars were full of Michaelmas daisies and asters. The chilly blue dusk seeped through the rooms, and we lit the fire against it.

"By rights," Tara said, "we should have burned the place down years ago with our fires and candles. Or been discovered and turned out; but this is the cottage that nobody owns, and it bears a charmed life."

It was my idea that you should take your cup and saucer and plate away with you. It seemed like a talisman, somehow, a link with the past to bind you to me. You laughed, saying it was rather a sweet notion and might be a good-luck token.

"I'll take mine, too," Tara said quietly. "It'll be ages before we come here to use them again; and someone might find them . . ."

Tara went home early, tactfully pleading a headache.

FOR TEENAGE WRITERS

OUR teenager's story of the month, "Out Like A Light," by John Messer, appears on page 7.

Teenagers are invited to submit short stories for publication.

Stories should be about 1500 words long. Each one must bear the author's name, address, and age, must be typed or written on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope big enough to hold the manuscript in case of return.

The story must also have a statement written by the author and endorsed by parent, guardian, or teacher that the story is the teenager's original, unaided work and is not adapted from or based on any story read.

Stories are judged at full adult publication standard.

we had long ago made, while we feasted on sandwiches and coffee from ours.

Inevitably, it was at the cottage that I first kissed you; shyly, experimentally, the way an eighteen-year-old boy does. You think I have forgotten it? No—I still remember that your lips felt soft and cool, your answering kiss was eager.

"Don't go to London!" I urged. "Stay here and marry me."

You laughed softly. "I'm seventeen and you're eighteen. That's crazy!"

"In three years I'll have a partnership. Wait for me!"

"In three years I shall be in London. We're too young to think about marrying."

I knew that your words were calm and logical and right; yet I felt desolate. London would snatch you away from me.

But we had another year before you went away; a sweet, enchanted year. Tara knew, I think; so she rarely came with us, even to the cottage. She was busy with her domestitc science training; she had grown pretty, but there was a reserve about her that I could never penetrate.

You got your own way with your family; they let you go to London, because you would be living with a friend of your mother's, helping her to run the small, successful antique shop she owned. She would be glad to have you, she wrote; someone who could type and do the accounts and look after the place occasionally. She came down to see your mother, an elegant, sophisticated woman in her thirties; you were dazzled

Hand in hand we wandered through the rooms, and you played our old game of furnishing them.

"Still wanting brocade and silver and mother-of-pearl?" I teased.

You nodded, solemn as a small girl. "Still. And always."

"I'll buy them for you one day," I promised recklessly. "And the gold shoes, the diamonds for your hair, the peacock-feather fan. Only wait for me!"

You nodded, tilting your face up for my farewell kiss. We blew the candles, and walked home, under the stars — you, with your cup and plate and saucer that you were taking away to London . . .

You never realised how impatient I was for your letters that came all too infrequently, that were gay and amusing and full of nonsense; I read each one until I knew it by heart.

I vowed that I wouldn't go near the cottage again until you came back. Once, though, I met Tara in the beechwoods, coming from the cottage, and when she saw my uplifted brows, she said, smiling:

"I had a yen to see the place again — to remember all the happy times we had there when we were children. And it looked lonely, so I put flowers in the little sitting-room. Crazy, isn't it?"

"Yes — for you," I said slowly. "I remember you said not so long ago it was just a silly old tumbledown place, with holes in the roof."

Color came and went swiftly in her cheeks; but she merely said:

"We'll have a wonderful picnic there when Stephanie comes home."

When Stephanie comes home! Those words had a warm, lovely sound. I was planning another cottage, one that wasn't tumbling down and thought, crazily, that ours might be restored, the garden made neat and tidy again, the walls covered with pretty flowered paper. For you and me.

You didn't come back for almost a year; and it seemed too long. When you came, you were the same old Stephanie, gay, vivid as a rainbow, laughing with us, walking between Tara and me, with linked arms, as we carried a picnic supper to the cottage.

You were more polished, you wore your hair in a mad, flyaway style that looked casual and clever. You told us amusing tales about London that made us laugh, and when we reached the cottage you put your head on one side, and said: "There's dust on my lacquer cabinet. And someone's moved my little inlaid table — I liked it better in the window."

Tara and I laughed; oh, how I loved you for that remark!

The evening was a gay affair; but I wished you had not wanted to bring Tara. I was longing to see you alone, and it seemed as though I wouldn't. You had four days at home — four very full, rushed days, to quote your own words.

Five minutes was all I had, after all, when I came down to the farm with my parents, and you were alone in the kitchen.

"Stephanie," I said softly. "Have you got your china still — the cottage china?"

"My good-luck talisman? Of course!" You smiled, and I said urgently:

"In a year I'll be twenty-one, and we'll be married — even if we have to start on little enough!"

Briefly you laid your cheek against mine and put your finger to your lips; but you said nothing and there were suddenly voices on the other side of the door. I felt defeated and angry . . .

Twenty-one; those words and all they stood for ran through every letter to you. Ah, but you were elusive; you would never answer the questions I asked. Ruefully I thought that trying to possess you was like trying to pin down a moonbeam.

You were busy; the shop was expanding, successful; its clients were wealthy and important people — and in your leisure hours London was fun. You were terribly sorry you couldn't get down for my twenty-first birthday, but perhaps later in the year . . .

"Later in the year" stretched away into weeks and months. Too busy was always your cry. London was too far to make a weekend possible. Very well, then, I would come to London to see you . . .

You were pleased about that. You wrote gaily of the fun we would have; when I saw you I was too lost in wonder and delight to speak. You were beautiful; you wore black, with the sheen of pearls at your throat, a cockade of emerald-green feathers in your hat, impossibly high-heeled shoes, your lips and nails peony-red. Yet you were such a long way from the girl of the cottage that I was afraid.

When I wanted you to be engaged, you said:

"Life's rather wonderful here at the moment. Let me taste a little more of it before I settle down. Let's not be serious about anything just yet, darling . . ."

I had to be content with that for two years; such long years, Stephanie, during which I saw you briefly. Only when you came home and went to the cottage with me did I glimpse the old Stephanie I had once known; and I went there often, by myself, to draw comfort from those memories.

Six months ago you came home again. You wanted to see me, and would I meet you at the cottage on Saturday evening?

Would I? I was there half an hour too early, waiting impatiently in the soft blue dusk for you. I put a jam-jar of roses in the window to welcome you and stood a lighted candle beside them.

You came along the path slowly, with that lovely, graceful walk of yours, your small head held proudly; and I stood in the doorway, waiting . . .

"Stephanie!"

"Hallo!" Smiling, you came up to me, laid a hand on my arm. "Listen, there's something I must tell you—now—"

You didn't need to, after all. I looked down at the narrow white hand on my arm, and saw the diamonds on the third finger; glittering, icy diamonds, worth a small fortune. Your voice was quick and breathless.

"I wanted to come and tell you myself. Please, please try to understand. It wouldn't have worked for you and me in a place like this. I knew that long ago. I want much more of life than four walls and a garden full of flowers; the exciting, sparkling things. I tried to tell you, but you would never listen."

I stood, staring down at the ring, while that soft, breathless voice of yours went on and on, and the things you said didn't make sense. I asked you his name; when you told me, I recognised it from past conversations of yours. He came often to the shop—he could afford to, he was rich. Rich enough to buy you all you had ever wanted.

Long after you had gone, I stood there, while the moonlight slanted down through the beechwoods and made a silver ribbon of the stream. Life was blank and meaningless and dun-colored. Light and laughter and color had gone out of the little cottage for ever; now there would always be dust on the lacquer, and silver candlesticks and the brocade would be tarnished.

I should never come back here. You had never loved me; you had brought Tara with you, often, so that you should not be alone with me. The cottage had been no more than a setting for you, one you had long ago outgrown . . .

I lived with that knowledge, that bleak despair, for a week; I was glad that, when an errand finally took me to the farm, you had gone back to London.

I went, as usual, round the side path, Stephanie; softly, on rubber-soled shoes, past the kitchen window. And there I stopped suddenly. Tara was alone in the kitchen, and she was crying as she carefully dried the plates, the cups, and saucers — yours and hers.

She looked up, startled, when I walked on, the tears still on her cheeks; she tried hard to save you. She looked at the newly washed china and said awkwardly:

"I was going to put them away safely somewhere. Unless you'd like Stephanie's—?"

"When did Stephanie give you those?" I asked her.

"When she went to London."

"For the first time?"

"Yes. She never took them with her." Her eyes were very kind. "Don't feel bitter about that. Don't blame her too much. It was cottage china—it belonged there, not to Stephanie's way of life. Gold shoes and diamonds in her hair — those things have always belonged to Stephanie. Those were her dreams."

"And yours were fat woolly rugs," I said. My bitterness was momentafy; I no longer wanted to smash the delicate, violet-patterned plate that had been yours. In that moment I saw so much. Tara patching a broken roof with blue sky, hiding her hurt and her love for me, coming back to put flowers in a lonely place. Tara . . .

Just how blind can a man be, Stephanie? You dazzled me for years, but it is Tara, after all, who has given warmth and life and reality to the little cottage, filling it, in imagination, with the things it needed.

You have the peacock's feathers; I have Tara, making the hollyhock curtains and putting love into every stitch. We both have what we wanted; only you always knew what you wanted, and I didn't know what I really wanted of life—until then.

So tonight there are two sets of china in the window-seat; Tara's, with its leaf-pattern, and mine. The candles and the fire are waiting to be lit, the jam-jar is full of flowers. Tomorrow is our wedding-day, tonight we are saying goodbye to the cottage.

I can see her now, Stephanie, coming along the little path from the beechwoods, smiling, the wind lifting the soft hair away from her face; and I know my heart has come home at last.

You haven't lost your enchantment for me; I simply know it now for what it is, and do not confuse it with love, which is deep and strong and more enduring. I still see a little dark-haired girl in a green satin dress, a ballerina dancing by candle-light, the Lady Stephanie in gold crinoline. I hear the rustle of a skirt in the shadows, the faintest echo of a laugh.

So there will be three of us here tonight, after all; Tara—to whom all my tomorrows belong, sitting in the window-seat with me — and you, a restless eager little ghost, a girl with a quicksilver imagination and a handful of sparkling dreams.

You'll be here tomorrow, Stephanie, after the walls have come tumbling down; for, as I said, the little tangled garden will keep its ghosts, and its memories.

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Continuing . . . .

I'll Remember You

from page 9

warm on hers. "And remember I'll be here if you need me—"

When he had gone, without finding John, Jeanne went out through the kitchen to tell Annie that she didn't want any dinner.

"I'm just going to take a little walk down to the river—"

"And have the sniffles for your sister's wedding tomorrow. That's what you're going to do," Annie declared.

"Oh, Annie," Jeanne said affectionately, "I'm fine. Never felt better." She took a cookie, freshly baked, to prove it.

Automatically Annie reached out and gave her another one.

Jeanne gave her a quick hug and went out the door, pulling on her coat. Then she was outside with the fresh, cold, wet air brushing against her face and hair.

She walked without purpose down to the stone wall which leaned with granite obstinacy against the lower lawn preventing rich topsoil from becoming river. There were steps on the river side of the wall, contoured now with the snow. Jeanne pulled her coat about her and sat on the top step looking at the darkening water, going over and over the words Alan had spoken to her.

She put her hand to her face where the kiss he had given her for herself still seemed to linger. "For my sister," he had said. She wondered why she felt no shame that he knew she loved him. He had been so kind, so gentle, and understanding. Remembering that, her love for him grew until there was no part of her free to escape the terrible ache.

After a while she saw that the snow had stopped and the stars were coming out, frostily bright, striking light prisms from the water gone silver. Then she saw a dark figure moving towards her along the river's edge. It was John Newcombe.

He looked up and saw her. "Hello," he called, "what are you doing out here?"

"I was about to ask you the same thing. You're supposed to be at a dinner."

He came up and sat down beside her. "So I was," he admitted, laughing. "I knew there was something I was supposed to be doing tonight. These big weddings confuse me — I feel like a mole when I get out among so many people."

"Why? Do you work in a diamond mine?"

"Not diamonds exactly. We do try to ferret out little gems of wisdom. I'm a chemist — the research kind — three-fourths of my life is spent in the lab and the other fourth in bed."

"Oh, yes, Alan was telling us about the things you do with plastics —"

"Plastics, nylon, zelon, sawdust — always trying to find a substitute for the substitute."

She didn't want to talk. She wanted him to go away and leave her alone. There was something she must learn tonight before she could face Alan tomorrow. She must learn how to make Alan think that she had understood what he was trying to tell her. She must smile at him and make him feel that everything was all right, as she had told him it was.

"Have I suddenly become invisible?" John Newcombe asked. "We haven't seen much of each other — as a matter of fact I've only seen you two or three times since I came, but we're not exactly strangers. You've been sitting there as though I'm not here."

"Oh, I'm sorry, I — I was thinking. We're all a little tired, I guess. There's been so much to do. There's something pagan about all this wedding fuss."

He leaned over and looked at her intently. "You mean to say you don't approve of these big weddings?"

"Oh, they're all right, I suppose. Mothers always seem to want them. I certainly wouldn't want one. I don't think I'd feel married after all the fuss. I'd feel more like a merchant with all those gifts; or like a secretary with all the thank-you's to write, or like a model with all the new clothes—"

"I never heard a woman talk like that before —"

Woman! Was it possible he didn't know she was the kid sister? Of course he didn't know. Who would bother to tell him that with all the excitement and confusion. There was a small indefinable sense of power in the knowledge that to him she had no age. She felt a little warmed as though she'd come upon a small fire in the snowy wilderness. "Have you known Alan long?"

"For ever and ever," he said. "He's a great guy—I hope Cynthia—" He broke off as though embarrassed.

"You hope this Cynthia he's about to marry is good enough for him, is that it?"

"I forgot for a minute that she's your sister."

"Well, she's the best," Jeanne said with spirit.

"I didn't think sisters were supposed to feel that way about each other. I was under the impression that there is an innate jealousy between sisters—"

"What disillusioned you so young in life?" she asked, feeling a tiny spark of pride in the sophisticated sound of the words.

"I was about to ask you the same thing," he said. "You sound as though you were mad at the whole world."

She sighed and the sound trembled on the still night air. She was almost glad that he was there. There was a sort of challenge in talking to him — as if they were playing an elaborate chess game, the checkmate being his discerning her age.

"Do you approve of your soon-to-be-brother-in-law?"

She could answer that honestly. "Yes. Alan's perfect!"

"Well," he said, "that kind of approval should make for a nice cozy little family group."

She held her breath for an instant. Had she said too much? She must be careful . . .

"We seem to be fighting —" he said.

She couldn't think of an answer to that, but it wasn't necessary, for suddenly he reached out and covered her hand with his. "Let's back up and start over," he said. "The night's too beautiful for this kind of talk. Hello, there, what are you doing out in the weather?"

She took it up lightly, "I was just about to ask you the same thing. Aren't you supposed to be at a dinner?"

"Yes, I am. But it's much nicer being here with you."

She felt a slight quickening of her heartbeat and was relieved when he withdrew his hand and reached in his pocket for a cigarette. He offered her one and for a moment she was tempted to take it, but checked herself in time. When the lighter went up to his face, she realised that John Newcombe was a very good-looking young man; Alan's age, of course, he had said so — twenty-six. His eyes looked dark and intense in the quick flare of the lighter.

Her heart really commenced to pound and she had a feeling akin to panic that she would betray her too few years. She couldn't have said why, but it seemed very important to her that she carry this thing through for the space of this one meeting. Let him find out tomorrow—he would be going away—she would never see him again. She knew, quite suddenly, that if it hadn't been for Alan, John Newcombe could be a heart-throb.

"This setting suits you," he said, looking about at the white world.

"Why do you say that?" she asked, feeling as if some power outside herself were there to give her words.

"Because it's beautiful, gently and quietly beautiful."

This was not a line, she felt sure. If any of the boys she knew had said something like that it would have sounded foolish, but it didn't sound that way when John said it.

"Those—those are nice words," she managed, groping a bit.

"What do you do, Jeanne. That's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes, John. That's your name, isn't it? I'm still in school—it seems there's never an end to school."

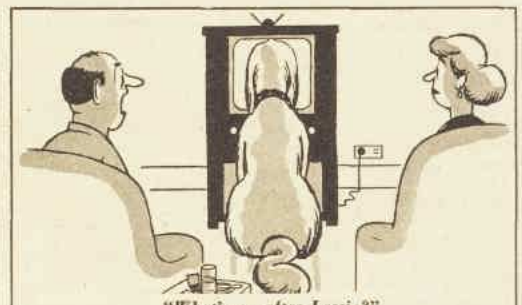
"I don't mean that. What do you really do?"

That was hard to answer. "I read," she said honestly.

"Anything in particular?"

"In particular right now, Virginia Woolf. Last week it was Faulkner, and forever there's Tolstoy. I can't get through 'War and Peace'." She didn't add that she couldn't even get started on it.

"Impeccable taste, too," he said. "I would have guessed it."



"What's on after Lassie?"

She remembered what Alan had said about Irish poetry and it was easy enough to turn the conversation to James Joyce for a bit. She confessed she couldn't appreciate "Ulysses"—which was true because she hadn't read it—and he laughed. "It's a taste you have to cultivate, I suppose," he said.

"Joyce is a writer's writer," she said, glad that she had read the editor's introduction to "Dubliners." And so the conversation went there on the snowy steps above the moving water, with John doing most of the talking. Presently he turned to her. "I'm hungry."

"So am I," she confessed. "If we go up to the house, Annie will feed us. Alan will never forgive you for running out on him tonight."

She looked back towards the house where every window was glowing, sending warm oblongs across the glistening white. He followed her glance. "Annie has enough to do without bothering about us," he said. "Let's go up and get my car and find a nice place where they serve steaks about three inches thick."

"I know the very place," she said. "It's out on the river road at Key Point. There's music and there won't be a crowd yet." She often went to Key Point with her family. None of the gang ever went there—it was strictly the older generation.

When he took her arm to help her up the step she trembled. For a moment she thought she must tell him the truth. But that would be silly, she thought. He's not going to make a pass at me. He isn't the type, and certainly I could handle it if he did.

"This is quite a place you have here," he said.

"Dad always wanted a farm."

"It's the first farm I ever saw that had a swimming-pool—"

"You should come in the summer," she said, "it's much nicer then."

"I can imagine," he said, and she thought he sounded, well, not sarcastic — perhaps rueful was the word.

"Alan's going to have a lot to live up to," he went on, and she had the odd feeling that he wasn't speaking of Alan at all, that he was speaking of someone and herself.

Again she felt the trembling and with it a sudden desire to rush on ahead of him. She hadn't washed her face. She must look terrible. When they reached the garages, she told him she would be right back.

She slipped into the house and up the back stairs without meeting a soul. The warmth and familiarity of her room restored her confidence. Hurriedly she scrubbed her face, dabbed on fresh lipstick and brushed her tangled hair. At the last minute, she put on the tiny dangle earrings which had belonged to her grandmother, turning her head from side to side, liking the effect.

She scribbled a note saying that John Newcombe had missed his dinner and they were going out for something to eat and would be right back. Of course, she told herself, it's perfectly all right for me to go out with the best man. He's our guest and it's our duty to see that he's fed. I can do that much to help.

Resolutely she pushed the little gnawing doubt from her. She felt as if she were on a merry-go-round, compelled to stay until the last circle had been made.

It seemed days ago that she had talked with Alan. Already it had a dreamlike quality. She tried to remember his face, but Alan's became John Newcombe's face and a tiny shiver of excitement ran through her. She grabbed up a bag, and went out into the hall and down the back stairs.

It was pleasant to ride through the vast, snow-filled night beside John. They didn't talk. There didn't seem to be any need for talk. She told herself how foolish she had been to be afraid of coming.

She decided she didn't want a steak after all. She wanted fried chicken and mashed potatoes and a jelly salad. When the steward, Manley, brought their dinner, she thought, for a paralysed moment, that he might be going to ask her if she wasn't rather late. But as though in some vague kind of dream, she heard him say, "Will there be anything else, Miss Meredith?"

Miss Meredith, and she had been Jeanne to him since she was ten! She looked up quickly, but there was no teasing in his eyes. Had something happened to her, miraculously, that even Manley could sense it? She was sure it had, when John looked across at her with the same look she had seen Alan give Cynthia a hundred times. "Everything all right?" he asked.

"Fine," she said, but she wasn't very hungry after all.

Then she saw that John wasn't eating his steak. "Is it too rare?" she asked.

"It's probably the best steak I ever had," he said. "Jeanne, all this wedding business has thrown me off the beam. I was so sure I knew where I was going and where Alan was going. We used to talk about it. Then all of a sudden, Alan isn't interested in talk any more. He knows where he's going—"

"Is that so strange?" She tilted her head, hearing the silver tinkle of the earrings.

"No," John said. "It isn't strange at all, I suppose, but I didn't stop to think about it until back there on the steps a while ago—"

Jeanne felt a hot rush of blood to her cheeks. This was no longer a game. She was frightened. She wanted to blurt out, "Oh, John, don't talk like this!"

"Have you ever believed in love at first sight, Jeanne?"

"No, John!" The pressure of the situation, so far beyond her control now, was all about her, focused violently upon her, destroying her ability to think. "No," she repeated, and he looked at her in surprise. She knew it wasn't the answer he expected—the answer he had been led to expect—but there was a desperate sense of wanting to tell the truth.

"I've—I've always thought that people — sort of grew to love each other by discovering that they like the same things —by—by finding out they're alike—"

"Does that take time?"

She didn't have to answer. Manley came to remove the dessert plates, and the orchestra, with a slow sweet note, swung into a waltz. "Let's dance this waltz, Jeanne."

She knew he wanted to dance because he wanted to hold her. That's what dancing is for. Often enough she had thought that when older boys, friends of Cynthia's, had asked her to dance, not guessing that she was so much younger.

That wasn't what Bill or Lew or Eddie used dancing for; they used it to show off — for the sheer delight of movement like exuberant puppies.

He held her with a gentle closeness that frightened her. It was as though he thought her very precious. They didn't talk until the dance ended. "I knew you'd dance like that, Jeanne," he said, and there they were again, the words of a line, but not fitting into a line the way he said them.

"I think I could waltz forever," she said. Then the music moved into a fast rhumba and it seemed a good time to suggest leaving. "There's much to be done tomorrow," she said.

"Yes," he said, as though only half hearing. "I suppose you need your sleep—"

"So do you."

Then they were in the car and Jeanne felt a vast relief that they were on their way home. All she wanted to do was take a hot bath and sleep.

Halfway home he asked, "When will I see you, Jeanne —after the wedding?" The way he said it there was no mistaking what he meant.

Jeanne had a fleeting sense of something that might be pity for him, but there was too much genuine fright for her to try to define the feeling. "You'll be leaving, won't you?" she said, surprised that her voice sounded normal.

"I could stay on for a few days. Alan's been trying to persuade me to use his apartment —says I need a vacation—"

Then, evading his question, she asked awkwardly about the chemical plant where he worked and was grateful that he talked about his job the rest of the way.

He pulled the car into the driveway and turned to her. "Jeanne, you didn't tell me when I can see you again—"

She began to shiver and could not look up to meet his eyes. He put his hand on her arm. "Why, Jeanne, what is it?"

"Oh, John, I shouldn't have gone with you letting you think —I'm not what you think I am." Then she must tell him and sit there ashamed, stripped of every last bit of pride. "I'm —I'm only fifteen. I'm just a sophomore in high school . . ."

He was quiet so long she thought he was violently angry with her. Finally he patted her shoulder as he would a bewildered, frightened child. "Why didn't you tell me, Jeanne—there at the beginning—when we were sitting on the steps—"

"I don't know," she admitted miserably. "I couldn't think. I've been all mixed up inside—ever since I knew Alan was going to marry Cynthia."

"You said that backwards. Don't you mean ever since you knew Cynthia was going to marry Alan?"

"Yes, I suppose so—"

Again he was quiet for a long while. When he spoke, his voice was grave and gentle. "Jeanne, have you thought you were in love with Alan?"

"Yes. I thought I was in love with him—until tonight—until a while ago—"

"You poor kid. Then you got so scared you wanted to go right back to being fifteen again—is that it?"

"Yes," she said in a very small voice. "Oh, John, I'm so sorry this happened. I feel so ashamed—"

He didn't tell her that it was all right—that she needn't be sorry. He lit a cigarette and said, "This wedding's thrown you off, too. It's made you want to go ahead too fast—"

His words sounded familiar and then she knew that he was saying what Alan had been trying to make her understand. He went on, "It wasn't Alan you were in love with—he just happened to be around handy—it's the whole grown-up business of the wedding that's mixed you up. You've been feeling left out. You've got it all ahead of you, Jeanne. Don't try to rush it."

"I won't." And she knew she wouldn't. Neither could she go all the way back to the place she had known before.

Then as though a curtain were suddenly pulled aside allowing her a quick glimpse of a secret canvas, she saw two figures — both herself — child and woman. The figures were blurred, neither of them quite in focus and only the child had dimension, then the curtain flicked and the image was gone.

John got out of the car and came around to open the door for her. He stood looking down at her for a moment. She felt an overwhelming gratitude to him for not being angry with her—for having understood. I'll always remember you, John Newcombe, she thought, and smiled at him.

"That's the stuff," he said, grinning, laying his finger gently on the smiling girl.

When he had taken her to the door and gone around to the guest home, she stood looking at the snow. It spread away from the house climbing the hill to the north. It would be a perfect night for a big fire and a sled party, she thought, throwing back her head and breathing deeply.

Bill Adams liked nothing better than to build great roaring fires in the abandoned quarry up above Key Point, and tomorrow night would be the very night for it. Bill could pick up Lew and Connie, Barbara and Eddie, the sleds and the uke and that would take up every bit of room in Arnold excepting a space big enough for her beside Bill. There should be a moon tomorrow night. Oh, it would be beautiful!

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METHOD:

Combine all the ingredients and mix thoroughly. Grease a small ring mould or loaf tin and pack the mixture into it. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) for one hour. Turn out and serve with tomato sauce, and vegetables in season.

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Screen boom for Dorothy

From BILL STRUTTON in London

AUSTRALIA'S Dorothy Alison could now fairly be described as a one-woman film boom in England.

IN swift succession she has landed three of the best current acting parts in British films.

First, she was assigned the role of nurse to air ace Douglas Bader in "The Bader Story"—a major role.

Then came a cameo acting part of a hysterical suicide case in the Rank nursing film, "The Feminine Touch"; it's the sort of acting vignette for which even the greatest names will often condescend to make a special appearance in a film.

And now, Dorothy Alison is finishing her latest part opposite Jack Hawkins in "The Long Arm," a saga of Scotland Yard's plainclothes men.

Apart from that, offers of new character roles are now coming in thick and fast. And seeing all this happen to Dorothy Alison it is odd to think back and remember that on at least two occasions she was on the point of renouncing the career of film actress as unprofitable and heartbreaking.

The first occasion was when Dorothy Alison came to England to try her luck in films, and kept the wolf from the door by working as a secretary.

"I was on the point of giving it up and returning home," she said. "I had made a last appointment. It was to see Harry Watt, who remembered me from my work in 'Eureka Stockade.'

"Somehow the dates got mixed up and he wasn't at Ealing Studios when I called. As I was going out of the studio gates, firmly determined that I had used up my last card and that I would now take up the booking I had made on a ship for Australia, I met Leslie Norman, who had been out in Australia as associate producer for Ealing.

"I told him I was chucking it. Leslie invited me to come in for a test."

The result of this test was her casting in a feature role in "Mandy." Dorothy Alison's performance in this secured her a nomination by the British Film Academy for the award of the most promising feminine newcomer to films in Britain.

No chances

WE reminisced about this when I visited Dorothy this week on the set of "The Long Arm" at Ealing.

"One would have thought that after that the chances would have come for me thick and fast," she said, smiling.

"As a matter of fact, there wasn't a single decent offer. Just a frightening silence.

"After months of that I couldn't stand it any more. I took a holiday in the New Hebrides, and from there I wrote to my husband, Leslie Linder, and told him I was giving up acting. I took up writing."

She laughed and added: "I made some good pocket-money at it, too.

"Then along came our baby, and I no longer cared about a career in films. I was waiting very happily for him to be born when, out of the blue, came the first offer, booking me for a big feature role which was coming up about two months after the baby was due to be born.

"The other chances followed it in quick succession. It just shows what can happen if you really don't care.

"In this latest film, 'The Long Arm,' I get another chance to do an acting job. Although I am cast as the wife of a detective—Jack Hawkins—it is a part full of character and conflict. It lets me get my teeth into real work.

"That's the beauty of becoming known in the business for character parts. You don't have to worry about glamorous competition.

"You can rely on basic values in which you have faith and interest—the craft of acting, for instance—rather than how pretty you look from this angle or that."

YOUNG CHARACTER ACTRESS Dorothy Alison, from Australia, is enjoying a career boom in England. She was twice on the point of giving up all hopes of movie success.

Talking of Films

★ *Lucy Gallant*

THE commercial glamor of its fashion background recommends "Lucy Gallant" as a film that will interest women most.

Paramount stylist Edith Head designed all the gowns for the film and introduces the finale fashion parade in person.

Filmed in color VistaVision and set in an oil boom town in Texas, the story centres on the love-versus-career conflicts of fashion-expert Jane Wyman and Charlton Heston's local cattleman.

The romance is a long-drawn-out, on-again-off-again affair, always predictable.

In the title role Jane enjoys fantastic success in the business world, but finally makes up her mind to marry and let her career look after itself.

Playing Lucy Gallant is no test of talent for Jane Wyman, but she is always agreeable to watch in an array of natty suits and glamor gowns, which she wears with casual chic.

Thelma Ritter and Claire Trevor supply some light relief as a couple of heart-of-gold-under-rough-exterior characters.

ONE of the few he-men stars in Britain, John Bentley, tired of kicking around in second-feature films, is at last Hollywood bound with a contract to film for Universal.

★ ★ ★

NEW British musical star Jean Carson is going round with a coiffure shorter than a man's crew cut. She read somewhere that the longer your hair is the more energy you use up making it grow ends.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD'S fabulous George Jessel, now sojourning in Britain, is on no idle holiday. Apart from starring in cabaret and on television he is now busy planning to film the life of famous British actor Edmund Kean.

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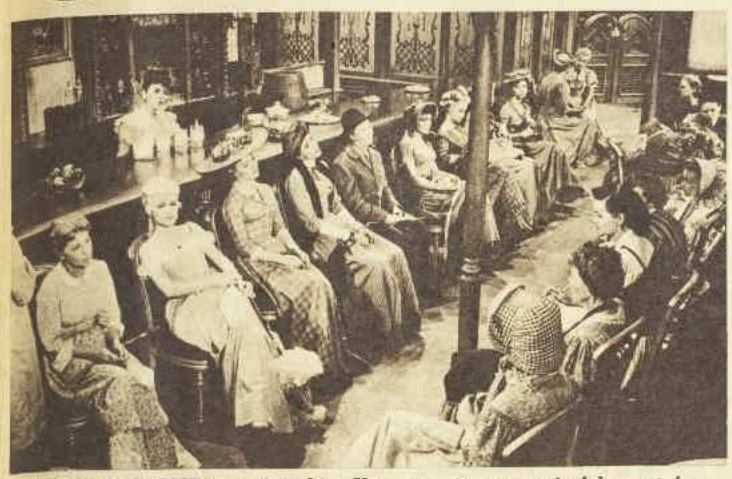

★ Universal's technicolor CinemaScope musical comedy "The Second Greatest Sex" combines star talent with bright music and romance in a provocative story.

The screenplay is based on "Lysistrata," a play written by Aristophanes more than 2000 years ago. Its setting is rural Kansas in the summer of 1880.

Whirling merrily through it are Jeanne Crain, George Nader, Kitty Kallen, and comedian Paul Gilbert.

The supporting players are led by dance star Tommy Rall, Edna Skinner, the Midwesterners, and Ward Ellis.

1 TOWNSWOMEN of Osawkie, Kansas, stage a musical lament for their missing husbands and sweethearts. Among the group are Katy (Kitty Kallen), behind bar, Liza (Jeanne Crain), third left, and Birdie (Mamie van Doren), second left. The town looks strange, populated only by women who have been doing the work of men.

2 MEN of three towns battle for a safe containing records, the ownership of which determines the location of the county seat. It is captured by the very tired Osawkie gang.

3 TALK about her wedding to Matt involves Liza, her father, Job McClure (Bert Lahr), left, and brother Newt (Jimmy Boyd). Village women urge Liza to finalise things. Matt himself is too tired to appear.

4 MEETING in the store delights Birdie, who has previously hoped in vain for a glance from handsome Rev. Peter Maxwell (Keith Andes). Liza and Matt have finally managed to set the day for their marriage.

5 NEWLYWEDS Liza and Matt (George Nader) dance together at their wedding party. But the honeymoon is delayed when the safe is stolen and the battle resumes.

6 DETERMINED to halt this foolish war, womenfolk steal the idea for a love-strike from the Greek play "Lysistrata." They all barricade themselves in the old fort and wait.

7 VICTORY of women over the second greatest sex is assured. The men sign a truce and the wives and sweethearts return to their homes. Even teenage Newt and man-hating Cousin Emmy join in the celebrations.

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Scales of Justice

Continuing . . . . from page 5

he said. "I mean I've known him all my life, of course, but he's old enough to be my father and not likely to be much interested in a medical student or a young practitioner."

"Your father would know him better, I suppose."

"As a Swevenings man and my father's elder contemporary, yes, but they haven't much in common."

"You knew his son, Ludovic, of course?"

"Oh, yes," Mark said composedly. "Not well," he added.

"He was at your grandfather's Embassy in Zlomce, wasn't he?"

"He was," Mark said, and as if he realised that his reply sounded uncomfortably short, he added: "My grandfather was a terrific 'Vale Man' as we say in these parts. He liked to go all feudal and surround himself with local people. When Viccy Phinn went into the service I fancy grandfather asked if he could have him with the idea of making one corner of a Zlomce field for ever Swevenings."

He caught his breath and added, "I didn't mean to put it like that. I mean . . ."

"You remembered, perhaps, that young Phinn blew out his brains in one corner of a Zlomce field."

"You knew about that?"

"It must have been a great shock to your grandfather."

Mark compressed his lips. "Naturally," he said.

"I believe," Alleyn said, "that Sir Harold's autobiography is to be published."

Mark said: "Did Phinn tell you that?"

"Now, why in the wide world," Alleyn asked, "should Mr. Octavius Phinn tell me?"

There was a long silence broken by Mark.

"I'm sorry, sir," Mark said. "I must decline absolutely to answer any more questions."

"You are perfectly within your rights. It's not so certain that you are wise to do so."

"After all," Mark said, "I must judge of that for myself. Is there any objection now to my driving to the dispensary?"

Alleyn hesitated for the fraction of a second. "No objection in the world," he said. "Good morning to you, Dr. Lacklander."

Mark repeated: "I'm sorry." And with a troubled look at both of them went out of the room.

"Brer Fox," Alleyn said, "we shall snatch a couple of hours' sleep at the Boy and Donkey, but before we do so will you drag your fancy away from thoughts of District Nurses and bend it upon the bottom drawer on the left-hand side of Colonel Cartarette's desk?"

Fox raised his eyebrows, stationed himself before the desk, bent his knees, placed his spectacles across his nose and did as he was bidden.

"Forced," he said. "Recent. Chipped."

"Quite so. The chip's on the floor. The paper knife on the desk is also chipped and the missing bit is in the otherwise empty drawer. The job's been done unhandily by an amateur in a hurry. We'll seal this room and tomorrow we'll put in the camera and the dabs boys. Miss Kettle's, Mr. Phinn's and Dr. Lacklander's prints'll be on their statement. Lacklander's and Mrs. Cartarette's grog glasses had better be rescued and locked up in here. If we want dabs from the others we'll pick them up in the morning."

He took a folded handkerchief from his pocket, put it on the desk and opened it up. A pair of cheap spectacles was revealed. "And before we go to bed," he said, "we'll discover if Mr. Danberry-Phinn has left his dabs on his reach-me-down specs. And in the morning, Foxkin, if you are a good boy, you shall be told the sad and cautionary story of Master Ludovic Phinn."

. . . . . .

Kitty Cartarette lay wide awake in her great Jacobean bed, staring at the ceiling, when there was a tap at the door, and Rose came in. In her muslin dessing-gown and with her hair down into plaits she looked like a schoolgirl. Her eyelids, like Kitty's, were swollen and pink, but even this disfigurement, Kitty noticed with vague resentment, didn't altogether blot out Rose's charm.

"A kitchen? Oh, you dear, sweet, foolish boy!"

Rose said: "Kitty, I hope you don't mind my coming in. I couldn't get to sleep, and I came out and saw the light under your door. Mark's fetching me some sleeping things from Chyning, and I wondered if you'd like one."

"I've got some things of my own, thanks all the same. Has everybody gone?"

"Lady Lacklander and George have, and, I think, Occy Phinn. Would you like Mark to look in?"

"What for?"

"You might find him sort of helpful," Rose said in a shaky voice. "I do."

"I dare say," Kitty rejoined dryly. She saw Rose blush faintly. "It was nice of you to think of it, but I'm all right. What about the police? Are they still making themselves at home in your father's study?"

"I think they must have gone. They're behaving awfully well, really, Kitty."

"I dare say," Kitty said again. "O.K., Rose," she added. "Don't worry. I know."

Her manner was good-naturedly dismissive, but Rose still hesitated. After a pause she said: "Kitty, while I've been waiting — for Mark to come back, you know — I've been thinking. About the future."

"The future?" Kitty repeated and stared at her. "I should have thought the present was enough!"

"I can't think about that," Rose said quickly. "Not yet. Not about Daddy. But it came into my mind that it was going to be hard for you. Perhaps you don't realise—I don't know if he told you, but—well——"

"Oh, yes," Kitty said wearily, "I know. He did tell me. He was awfully scrupulous about anything to do with money, wasn't he?" She looked up at Rose. "O.K., Rose," she said. "Not to fuss. I'll make out; I wasn't expecting anything."

"But I wanted to tell you: you needn't worry. Not from any financial point of view. I mean—it's hard to say, and perhaps I should wait till we're more used to what's happened, but I want to help," Rose stammered.

She began to speak rapidly. It was almost as if she had reached that point of emotional exhaustion that is akin to drunkenness. Her native restraint seemed to have forsaken her and to have been replaced by an urge to pour out some kind of sentiment upon somebody.

"You see," she was saying, "I might as well tell you. I shan't need Hammer for very long. Mark and I are going to be engaged."

Kitty looked up at her, hesitated, and then said: "Well, that's fine, isn't it? I do hope you'll be awfully happy. Of course, I'm not exactly surprised."

"No," Rose agreed. "I expect we've been terribly transparent." Her voice trembled and her eyes filled with reiterant tears. "Daddy knew," she said.

"Yes," Kitty agreed, with a half-smile. "I told him."

"You did?"

"You needn't mind," Kitty said. "It was natural enough. I couldn't help noticing."

"We told him ourselves," Rose muttered.

"Was he pleased? Look Rose, don't let's bother to hedge. I know about the business over old man Lacklander's memoirs."

Rose made a slight distasteful movement. "I hadn't thought of it," she said. "It doesn't make any difference."

"No," Kitty agreed, "in a way, I suppose it doesn't—now. What's the matter?"

"I think I hear Mark now," Rose said. She went to the door and came back with Mark.

"I heard your voices," he said to Kitty, "and thought I'd look in. Is there anything I can do at all? I've brought some things for Rose to help her get to sleep; if you'd like to take one it might be quite an idea."

"I'll see," she said. "I've got something actually somewhere."

"Shall we leave one in case?" Mark suggested. He took a couple of capsules from a packet and fetched a glass of water. "One is enough," he said.

He was standing above Kitty and between her and Rose, who had not moved from the door at the far end of the room. Kitty looked up into his face and said loudly: "You were the first there, weren't you?"

Mark made a slight admonitory gesture and turned towards Rose. "Not actually the first," he said quietly. "Miss Kettle ——"

"Oh, old Kettle," Kitty said irritably, dismissing her. "What I wanted to know—after all, I am his wife—what happened?"

"Rose," Mark said. "You run along to bed."

"No, Mark, I don't want to go away," Rose said, turning deadly white. "I want to know what happened to my father, too. Please. It's worse not to."

"Yes, much worse," Kitty agreed. "Always."

Mark filled in a little time by moving round to put the capsules and glass on a table beside Kitty, then he said quickly: "Well, first of all—there's no disfigurement to his face."

Kitty made a sharp grimace

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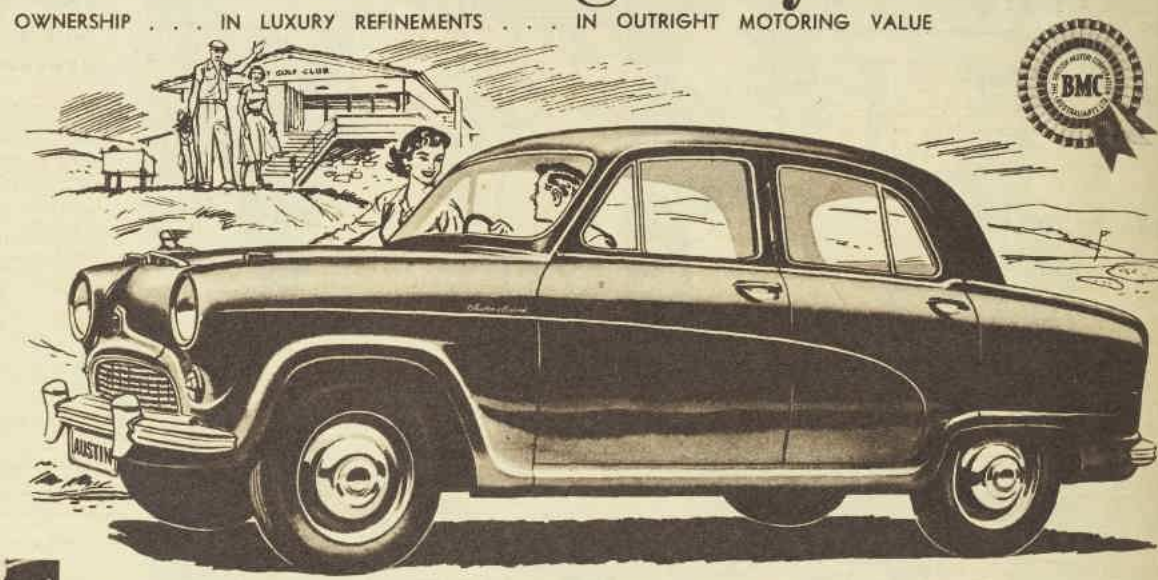

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Continuing . . . .

Scales of Justice

from page 38

and Rose put her hands to her eyes.

"——and I don't think he felt anything at all," Mark said. He lifted a finger. "All right. It was a blow. Here. On the temple."

"That?" Rose said. "Just that?"

"It's a very vulnerable part, darling."

"Then—might it be some sort of accident?"

"Well—no, I'm afraid not. You see, there are several injuries all in that one small area. It wouldn't do any good if I let you think they might have been caused accidentally, because the—the pathologist will certainly find that they were not."

Kitty said: "I see." And added abruptly: "I'm sorry, but I don't think I can take any more tonight. D'you mind?"

Mark looked at her with sharpened interest. "You should try to settle down." He lifted her wrist professionally.

"No, no," she said, and drew it away. "That's unnecessary, thanks all the same. But I do think Rose ought to go to bed before she drops in her tracks."

"I quite agree," Mark said again, rather coldly, and opened the door. Rose said, "Yes. I'm going. I hope you do manage to sleep, Kitty." And went out. Mark followed her to her own door.

"Tomorrow," he said, "I'm going to carry you off to Nunspardon."

"Oh," she said, "no—I don't think we can quite do that, do you? Why Nunspardon?"

"Because I want to look after you and because, making all due allowances, I don't think your stepmother's particularly sympathetic or congenial company for you," Mark Lacklander said, frowning.

"It's all right," Rose said. "It doesn't matter. I've learned not to notice."

. . . . .

Fox was duly acquainted with the story of Ludovic Phinn over a breakfast of ham and eggs in the parlor of the Boy and Donkey shortly after dawn.

"I know about young Phinn," Alleyn said, "because his debacle occurred when I was doing a spell in the Special Branch in 1937. At that time the late Sir Harold Lacklander was our Ambassador at Zlomce and Master Danberry-Phinn was his personal secretary. It was known that the German Government was embarked on a leisurely and elaborate party with the local government over railway concessions. We picked up information to the effect that the German boys were prepared to sign an important, and, to us, disastrous undertaking in the fairly distant future. Lacklander was instructed to throw a spanner in the works. He was empowered to offer the Zlomce boys certain concessions, and it was fully expected that they would play.

"The Germans, however, learnt of his little plot and immediately pressed on their own negotiations to a successful and greatly accelerated conclusion. Our Government wanted to know why. Lacklander realised that there had been a leakage of information, and, since there was nobody else in a position to let the leakage occur, he tackled young Phinn, who at once broke down and admitted that it was his doing. It seems that he had made some very dubious Zlomce chums, among whom was a young gent whom we afterwards found to be a German agent of a particularly persuasive sort. He was said to have fastened on young Phinn, who became completely sold on the Nazi formula and agreed to act for the Germans.

"As usual, our sources of information were in themselves dubious: Phinn was judged on results and undoubtedly he behaved like a traitor. On the night after a crucial cable had come through for his chief, he went off to the gipsies or somewhere with his Nazi friend. The decoding of the cable had been entrusted to him. It developed that he presented his Zlomce chums with the whole story. It was said afterwards that he'd taken bribes. Lacklander went for him and he went away and blew his brains out.

"We were told that he'd had a kind of hero-fixation on Lacklander, and we always thought it odd that he should have behaved as he did. But he was, I believe, a brilliant but unbalanced boy, an only child whose father, the Octavius we saw last night, expected him to retrieve the fortunes of their old and rather reduced family. His mother died a few months afterwards, I believe."

"Sad," said Mr. Fox.

"It was indeed."

"Would you say, Mr. Alleyn, now, that this Mr. Phinn senior was slightly round the bend?"

"His behaviour in the watches of last night was certainly oddish. He was a frightened man, Fox, if ever I saw one. What do you think?"

"The opportunity was there," Fox said, going straight to the first principle of police investigation.

"It was. And, by the way, Bailey's done his dab-drill. The spectacles are Mr. Danberry-Phinn's."

"There now!" Fox ejaculated with the utmost satisfaction.

"It's not conclusive, you know. He might have lost them down there earlier in the day. He'd still be very chary of owning to them."

"Well . . ." Fox said sceptically.

"I quite agree. I've got my own idea about when and how they got there, which is this."

He propounded his idea. Fox listened with raised brows.

"And as for opportunity, Fox," Alleyn went on, "as far as we've got, it was also there for his wife, all three Lacklanders and, for a matter of that, Nurse Kettle herself."

Fox opened his mouth, caught a derisive glint in his senior's eye and shut it again.

"Of course," Alleyn said, "we can't exclude the tramps or even the dark-skinned stranger from the Far East. But there's one item that emerged last night which I don't think we can afford to disregard, Fox. It seems that Colonel Cartarette was entrusted by Sir Harold Lacklander, then on his deathbed, with the Lacklander memoirs. He was to supervise their publication."

"Well, now," Fox began, "I can't say . . ."

"This item may be of no significance whatever," Alleyn rejoined. "On the other hand, isn't it just possible that it may be a link between the Lacklanders on the one hand and Mr. Octavius Phinn on the other, that link being provided by Colonel Cartarette with the memoirs in his hands."

"I take it," Fox said in his deliberate way, "that you're wondering if there's a full account of young Phinn's offence in the memoirs and if his father's got to know of it, and made up his mind to stop publication."

"It sounds thin when you put it like that. But it was clear, wasn't it, that young Lacklander didn't like the memoirs being mentioned. He shut up like a trap over them. They

To page 41

It's the modern, practical way to live. Families enjoy out-of-season foods; spend less time cooking and save money, too.

HOW HOME FREEZING CAN IMPROVE YOUR WAY OF LIVING

by Dorothy Summers of Kelvinator Australia Limited — an authority on home freezing.

I OFTEN THINK how our grandparents would envy today's home-maker. It is not for us the wood-heated copper, the one-fire stove, the old iron carpet-beater that would take the pile, as well as the dust, out of the carpet—and the energy out of grandmama.

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There's nothing new, of course, in the fact that foods are kept fresh when frozen and stored at sub-zero temperatures, but until recently, frozen food was a commercial proposition only. Now, home-frozen food is possible. In America it is a familiar part of the household scene. And today, with the release of a new six cubic feet Home Freezer by Kelvinator Australia Limited — Australia's biggest manufacturer of refrigeration equipment — home freezing has become practicable in Australia. There's no doubt that it will be a great success here, too: as a method of preservation, the freezing of food has no equal. Foods that are frozen will keep for months, some for years, and nearly all foods can be frozen.

Makes life easier

"Day-by-day" shopping will become a memory. Cooking for every meal will be a chore you'll thankfully dispense with. If you are tied to the kitchen now, you're going to have more time for leisure in this new way of living. The sudden arrival of an unexpected guest will no longer be a minor catastrophe. And you'll see less of the kitchen oven, for you'll prepare meals in advance and in quantity. Instead of baking one pie, you'll bake four or five at the same time — have one for dinner and store the remainder for future meals that can be prepared in a jiffy.

What else? Well, you'll have strawberries and all the other seasonal foods all year round. Low-cost food — greater variety — higher quality meals . . . are the advantages you will experience with a home freezer.

Does freezing impair quality?

Does freezing affect the nutritive values of food? These are chief questions put to me during the lecture-demonstration tour I have been giving recently for Kelvinator Australia Limited. The answer in each case is a definite "No". Frozen food tastes as delicious and fresh as on the day it was purchased. It is also an established fact that more vitamin and mineral content is retained in food by freezing than by any other method of preservation. The colour, freshness and flavour in frozen food measure up to fresh food in every way!

Freezing is simple

As for home freezing being fraught with "mystery" and difficulties, I would like to cite the experience of a close friend: she told me that within a week she was as familiar with her home freezer as she is with her oven. Preparing food for freezing needs careful attention, but no special skill. Food must be wrapped. A few feet of polythene sheets, a half-dozen bags of the same material, some waxed cartons and plastic containers, rubber bands and freezer tape for sealing . . . and you're in "business" These simple materials are all available with your Kelvinator Home Freezer Unit.

Better meals at lower cost

Your most reliable guide on how to freeze food is the informative booklet that Kelvinator has published. This comes with the Kelvinator Home Freezer when purchased. It shows you what to freeze and how to freeze. It gives you tips on buying so that you can make even greater savings. If you grow your own fruit or vegetables, if you're a sportsman and would like to be able to keep game or fish, if you entertain frequently and need a supply of party snacks and sandwiches, or — if you're like me — and are merely concerned with living well and keeping the food budget down to rock bottom . . . then this book shows how Kelvinator's Home Freezer will prove to be your most treasured possession.

. . .

. . .

I think that the wonder of home freezing is that it offers the chance to eat the food you like — when you like. Its convenience is something you have to experience and that applies also to the new adventures it opens in eating, the new leisure it offers in living.

New Kelvinator Home Freezer

In introducing this new home freezer, Kelvinator Australia Limited are adding to the reputation they have always had for building a better refrigerator. This six cubic feet model is based on the very latest American design, and it holds 210 lbs of food. This is a standard-size model that has proved ideal for average-size family use. Naturally, it is powered by the "Polarsphere" — Kelvinator's famous sealed unit.

CHOOSE

Kelvinator

FOR BETTER LIVING

PRECISION BUILT BY KELVINATOR AUSTRALIA LIMITED

If you'd like to know more about home freezing, send this coupon to Dorothy Summers, Kelvinator Australia Limited, G.P.O. Box 1347, Adelaide, South Aust.

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Mother! sending them back with new shoes?

DUNLOP WEARITE soles cost no more, give **double** wear . . . are comfortable, cool, healthy!

Look underneath kiddies' shoes to find the *real* shoe value. Find a Dunlop Wearite sole and you'll find a sole that slashes repair costs in half, a sole that is comfortable, good looking and healthy for the youngsters' growing feet. Dunlop Wearite Soles walk better and wear more than twice as long as ordinary soling. Leading shoemakers have produced a special "Save with Wearite" shoe range — sizes and styles for all at every shoe and department store.

What is

DUNLOP WEARITE?

It is a resin material developed to do everything a soling material should and to give more than double wear, too! Dunlop Wearite is super flexible, light, good to walk on and healthy for the feet—it is the modern miracle soling material.

Dunlop Wearite on Men's and Women's Shoes, too!

Mother and Dad can save with Wearite soled shoes, too. Shoemakers are swinging over to Wearite soled shoes, so look underneath before you buy — a shoe is only as good as its sole.

Check foot growth regularly

Wearite soles wear so long that kiddies often *outgrow* the shoe before the sole shows real wear. To ensure comfort and correct foot growth . . . we suggest you check regularly with your shoe fitter.

DUNLOP WEARITE

more than double the wear from every pair

YOUR LOCAL REPAIRMAN CAN RE-SOLE WITH DOUBLE-WEARING WEARITE, TOO! ASK HIM, HE KNOWS WEARITE IS THE WORLD'S BEST SOLING MATERIAL

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crop up, Brer Fox. They occur. They link the Cartarettes with the Lacklanders, and they may well link Mr. Phinn with both. There's a car pulling up. It'll be Dr. Curtis. Let's return to the Bottom Field and to the question of opportunity and evidence."

But before he led the way out he stood rubbing his nose and staring at his colleague.

"Don't forget," he said, "that old Lacklander died with what sounds like an uneasy conscience and the word 'Vic' on his lips."

"Ah. Vic."

"Yes. And Mark Lacklander referred to young Phinn as Viccy! Makes you fink, don't it? Come on."

. . . .

By midsummer morning light Colonel Cartarette looked incongruous in the willow grove. His coverings had been taken away, and there, close to the river's brink he was; curled up, empty of thought and motion, while Alleyn, his assistants, and Dr. Curtis worked about him.

Dr. Curtis completed a superficial examination, stood up, and gave Alleyn his findings.

"I'd say tentatively, two weapons or possibly one weapon used in two ways. There's a clean puncture with deep penetration, there's circular indentation with the puncture as its centre, and there's been a heavy blow over the same area that has apparently caused extensive fracturing and a lot of extravasation. It might have been made by one of those stone-breaker's hammers or even by a flat, oval-shaped stone itself. I think it was the first injury he got. It would almost certainly have knocked him right out. Might have killed him; in any case, it would have left him wide open to the second attack."

Alleyn nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said. "Now, as I see it, when it happened he was squatting on soft ground. Facing the stream. He'd cut several handfuls of grass with his knife and was about to wrap up that trout. There's the knife, there's the grass in his hands, and there's the trout!"

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He turned towards the stream. The willow grove sheltered a sort of miniature harbor with its curved bank going sheer down to the depth of about five feet at the top end of the little bay and running out in a stony shelf at the lower end. The stream poured into this bay with a swirling movement, turning back upon its course.

Alleyn pointed to the margin of the lower bank of the bay. It carried an indented scar running horizontally below the lip.

"Look here, Fox," Alleyn said, "and here, above it." He nodded at a group of tall daisies, strung along the edge of the bank upstream from where the Colonel lay and perhaps a yard from his feet. They were in flower. Alleyn pointed to three leggy stems, taller than their fellows, from which the blooms had been cut away.

"You can move him," he said. "But don't tramp over the ground more than you can help. We may want another peer at it. And, by the way, Fox, have you noticed that inside the willow grove, near the point of entry, there's a flattened patch of grass and several broken and bent twigs. Remember that Nurse Kettle thought she was observed. Go ahead, Oliphant."

Sergeant Oliphant and P.C. Gripper came forward with a stretcher. They put it down some distance from the body, which they now raised. As they did so a daisy-head, crumpled and sodden, dropped from the coat.

Alleyn found a second daisy on the bank below the point where Colonel Cartarette's head had lain. "The third," he said, "may have gone downstream, but we'll see."

He now looked at Colonel Cartarette's rod, squatting beside it where it rested on the bank, its point overhanging the stream. Alleyn lifted the cast and sniffed at it.

"He hooked a fish yesterday," he said, "there's a flake of flesh on the barb. Where, then, is this trout he caught? Too small? Did he chuck it back? Or what?" He separated the cast from the line and put it away in his case.

Then, turning back to the river-bank, he gathered up every blade of grass that was scattered where the Colonel had cut it. He examined the Colonel's pocket-knife and found that, in addition to having traces of grass, it smelt of fish. Then he very cautiously lifted the Old 'Un and examined the patch of stones where the great fish had lain all night.

"Is this the room that complained about the mice?"

"Traces there, all right," he said. "Are they all off this one fish, however? Look, there's a sharp, flinty bit of stone with a flap of fish skin on it. Now let's see."

He turned the great trout over and searched its clamminess for a sign of a missing piece of skin and could find none.

"This looks more like business," he muttered, and took out his pocket lens. His subordinates coughed and shifted their feet. Fox watched him with calm approval.

"Well," Alleyn said at last, "we'll have to get an expert's opinion, and it may be crucial. But it's pretty clear that he made a catch of his own, that it lay on this patch, that a bit of its skin was torn off on this stone, that the fish itself was subsequently removed and the Old 'Un put in its place. It doesn't look as if it was chucked back in the stream, does it? In that case, he would have taken it off his hook and thrown it back at once. He wouldn't have laid it down on the bank. And why was a flap of its skin scraped off on the stone? And why was the Old 'Un laid over the trace of the other fish? And by whom? And when?"

Fox said, "As for when: before the rain at all events. The ground shows that."

"That doesn't help since he was killed before the rain and found before the rain. But consider, Brer Fox, he was killed with a tuft of cut grass in his hand. Isn't it at least possible that he was cutting his grass to wrap up his own catch? He had refused to touch the Old 'Un, and had left it lying on the bridge. The people who knew him best all agree he'd stick to his word. All right. Somebody kills him. Is it that 'somebody' who takes the Colonel's fish and replaces it with the Old 'Un?"

"You'd think so, Mr. Alleyn, wouldn't you?"

"What was the actual position of the killer at the time of the blow or blows?" Alleyn continued. "As I read it, and you'll correct me here, Curtis, Colonel Cartarette was squatting on his heels facing the stream with the cut grass in his hands. The heel marks and subsequent position suggest that when he was struck on the left temple he keeled over, away from the blow, and fell in the position in which Nurse Kettle found him. Now he was either belted from behind by a left-hander or rammed by a sort of crouching charge from his left side, or struck from the front by a swinging right-handed swipe . . . Yes, Oliphant?"

Sergeant Oliphant said: "Well, pardon me, sir, I was only going to remark would it be, for example, something like the sort of blow a quarryman gives a wedge that is sticking out from a rock-face at the level of his knee?"

"Ah!" said P.C. Gripper appreciatively. "Or an underhand serve like tennis."

"That kind of thing," Alleyn said, exchanging a look with Fox. "Now there wasn't enough room between the Colonel and the brink for such a blow to be delivered, which suggests to me that his assailant would have had to be three feet out on the surface of the stream. Now take a look upstream towards the bridge, Brer Fox. Go roundabout, because we'll still keep the immediate vicinity unmucked up, and then come out here."

Fox joined Alleyn on the lower bank of the little bay at the point where it jutted farthest out into the stream. They looked up the Chyne past the willow grove, which hid the near end of the bridge, to the far end which was just visible about forty feet away with the old punt moored in the hole beneath it.

Alleyn studied the river, frowning, then he said thoughtfully: "Look at that twig sailing towards us. It's got into a current, do you see, and instead of passing down the main stream is coming into this bay. Here it comes. Round it swirls in the eddy and back it goes towards the bridge. It's a strong and quite considerable sort of counter-current."

His voice sharpened. "Stay where you are, Fox, for a moment, will you? Get down on your sinful old hunkers and bow your head over an imaginary fish. Imitate the action of the angler. Don't look up and don't move till I tell you."

Alleyn skirted round the crucial area and disappeared into the willow grove. They all heard him walk briskly across Bottom Bridge, though only Fox, who faithfully kept his gaze on the ground, was in a position to see him. The others waited, expecting him for some reason of his own to appear on the opposite bank.

It was quite a shock to Dr. Curtis, Bailey, Thompson, Oliphant, and Gripper when round the upstream point of the Willow grove bay the old punt came sliding with Alleyn standing in it, a wilted daisy-head in his hand.

The punt was carried transversely by the current away from the far bank and across the main stream into the little willow-grove harbor. It glided silently to rest, its square prow fitting neatly into the scar Alleyn had pointed out in the downstream bank. At the same time its bottom grated on the gravel spit and it became motionless.

"I suppose," Alleyn said, "you heard that, didn't you?"

Fox looked up.

"I heard it," he said. "But I saw and heard nothing until then."

"Cartarette must have heard it, too," Alleyn said. "Which accounts, I fancy, for the daisies. Brer Fox, do we think we know whodunit?"

Fox said, "If I take your meaning, Mr. Alleyn, I think you think you do."

"Things to be borne in mind," Alleyn said, still speaking from the punt. "Point one: I found the daisy-head in the prow. That is to say on the same line with the other two heads but a

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WHY SUFFER BACKACHE!

"All they are claimed" says J.D.F., Ryde, N.S.W.

"Some six years ago I suffered very badly from kidney trouble and rheumatism. My late wife gave me a bottle of your pills and ever since then I have been a very great deal better and whereas I could hardly walk I can get about very well at 66 years of age. I do not know where I would have been without them. I take them regularly and they are all they are claimed to be . . . a real help and friend."

The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.

Get prompt, sure relief from muscular and joint pains with safe, De Witt's Pills.

Many sufferers today wrongly believe they are chronic "rheumaticky types" ; they've resigned themselves to a future of pain and discomfort and are "making the best of it". Most people do not realise that joint and muscular pains are often signs of sluggish, unhealthy kidneys. Unless these vital organs are functioning effectively, the system becomes clogged with toxins and waste matter, and trouble begins. De Witt's Pills get at the root of the condition by cleansing, toning up and stimulating the kidneys to do their proper work —you actually have visual evidence of this within twenty-four hours of taking the first dose. From then on you begin to feel better, look better and lasting relief from pain is on the way. Stop treating the symptoms and get at the cause of your rheumatic aches and pains with the world-famous De Witt's Pills, sold by all chemists and storekeepers everywhere.

*Save 3/- on the economy size pack—100 pills . . . **7/-***
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bit farther from the point of impact. Point two: this old crock has got a spare mooring line about thirty feet long. It's still made fast at the other end, and I've only got to haul myself back. I imagine the arrangement is for the convenience of Lady Lacklander, who, judging by splashes of old water-color and a squashed tube, occasionally paints from the punt. There is also, by the way, a pale yellow giant hairpin in close association with two or three cigarette butts, some with lipstick and some not. Been there for some considerable time, I should say, so that's another story."

"Sir G.," Fox ruminated "and the girl-friend?"

"Trust you," Alleyn said, "for clamping down on the sex story. To return. Point three: remember that the punt-journey would be hidden from the dwellers on Watt's Hill. Only this end of the bridge and the small area between it and the willow grove are visible to them. You can take him away now, Gripper."

Dr. Curtis covered the body with the groundsheet. P.C. Gripper and the constable-driver of the Yard car, assisted by Bailey and Thompson, carried Colonel Cartarette out of the willow grove and along the banks of his private fishing to Watt's Lane, where the Swevenings Hospital van awaited him.

"He was a very pleasant gentleman," said Sergeant Oliphant. "I hope we get this chap, sir."

"Oh, we'll get him," Fox remarked, and looked composedly at his principal.

"I suggest," Alleyn said, "that the killer saw Cartarette from the other bank, squatting over his catch. I suggest that the killer, familiar with the punt, slipped into it, let go the painter, and was carried by the current across the stream and into this bay where the punt grounded and left the scar of its prow in the bank there. I suggest that this person was well enough acquainted with the Colonel for him merely to look up when he heard the punt grate on the gravel and not rise. You can see the punt's quite firmly grounded.

Continuing . . . .

Scales of Justice

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Now if I stand about here, rather aft of amidships, I'm opposite the place where Cartarette squatted over his task and within striking distance of him if the blow was of the kind I think it was."

"If," said Fox.

"Yes, I know 'if.' If you know of a better theory, you can go to it," Alleyn said cheerfully. "But at the moment, that's my theory, and I'm sticking to it. Moreover, I'm leaving orders, Oliphant, for a number one search for the missing fish. And meet me," Alleyn said to Fox, "on the other bank. I've something to show you."

He gathered up the long tow rope, pulled himself easily into the contra-current, and so back across the stretch of water to the boatshed. When Fox, having come round by the bridge, joined him there, he was shaking his head.

"Oliphant and his boys have been over the ground like a herd of rhinos," he said. "Getting their planks last night. Pity. Still . . . have a look here, Fox."

He led the way into a deep hollow on the left bank. Here the rain had not obliterated the characteristic scars left by Lady Lacklander's sketching stool and easel. Alleyn pointed to them.

"But the really interesting exhibit is up here on the hillock. Come and see."

Fox followed him over grass that carried faint signs of having been trampled. In a moment they stood looking down at a scarcely perceptible hole in the turf. It still held water. The grass nearby showed traces of pressure."

"If you examine that hole closely," Alleyn said, "you'll see it's surrounded by a circular indentation."

"Yes," Fox said after a long pause, "yes, so it is. Same as the injury."

"It's the mark of the second weapon," Alleyn said. "It's the mark of a shooting-stick. Brer Fox, we are going to Nunspardon to get hold of that stick."

"Attractive house," Alleyn said as they emerged from the Home Coppice into full view of Nunspardon. "Attractive house, Fox, isn't it?"

"Very fine residence," Fox said. "Georgian, would it be?"

"It would. Built on the site of the former house, which was a nunnery. Hence Nunspardon. Presented (as usual, by Henry VIII) to the Lacklanders. We'll have to go cautiously here, Brer Fox, by gum, we shall. They'll have just about finished their breakfast. I wonder if Lady Lacklander has it downstairs or in her room. She has it downstairs," he added, as Lady Lacklander herself came out of the house with half a dozen dogs at her heels.

"She's wearing men's boots!" Fox observed.

"That may be because of her ulcerated toe," Alleyn said, lifting his hat to her.

"Ah, to be sure. Lord love us!" Fox ejaculated. "She's got the shooting-stick on her arm."

"So she has!" Alleyn gasped. "She's going to sit on it!"

Lady Lacklander had, in fact, begun to tramp towards them, but had evidently changed her mind. She answered Alleyn's salute by waving a heavy gardening glove at him. Then she halted, opened her shooting-stick, and, with alarming empiricism, let herself down on it.

"With her weight," Alleyn said crossly, "she'll pretty near bury it, and obliterate any traces we might have found on it. Come on."

As soon as they were within hailing distance Lady Lacklander shouted, "Good morning to you." She then remained perfectly still and stared at them as they approached. Alleyn thought: Old basilisk! She's being deliberately embarrassing. He embarked on a careful tarradiddle.

"We begin to wonder," he said, "if Cartarette's murderer may have been lying doggo in the vicinity for some time before the assault."

"I didn't see him."

"I mean really doggo. And as far as we know, which is not as far as we'd like, there's no telling exactly where the hiding place could have been. We think it might have been somewhere that commanded, at any rate, a partial view of the bridge and the willow grove. We also think that it may have overlooked your sketching hollow."

"You've discovered where that is, have you?"

"Simplicity itself, I promise you. You used an easel and a sketching stool."

"And with my weight to sustain," she said, rocking, to his dismay, backwards and forwards on the shooting-stick, "the latter, no doubt, left its mark."

"Lady Lacklander," Alleyn said, "I want to reconstruct the crucial bit of the landscape as it was after you left it. Will you lend us your shooting-stick and your sketching gear for an hour or so? We'll take the greatest care of them."

"I don't know what you're up to," she said, "and I suppose I may as well make up my mind that I won't find out. Here you are."

She heaved herself up, and, with a single powerful wrench tore the shooting-stick from its bondage.

"There you are," she said indifferently, and gave it to him. "The sketching-gear is up at the house. Come and get it."

Alleyn thanked her and said that they would. He carried the shooting-stick by its middle, and they all three went up to the house. George Lacklander was in the hall. His manner had changed overnight, and he now spoke with the muted solemnity with which men of his type approach a sickroom or a church service. He made a further reference to his activities as a Justice of the Peace, but otherwise was huffily reserved.

Lady Lacklander led Alleyn out of the hall into a cloakroom where umbrellas, an assortment of galoshes, boots, and shoes and a variety of racquets and clubs were assembled. "I keep them here to be handy," she said, "for garden peeps. There you are, help yourself."

Alleyn lifted a canvas haversack to which were strapped an easel and an artist's umbrella. "Did you use the umbrella?" he asked.

"William, the boy, put it up. I didn't want it, the sun was gone from the valley. I left it, standing but shut, when I came home."

"We'll see if it showed above the hollow. Thank you so much for helping us," Alleyn said, and stood aside to let her pass.

He and Fox were aware of her great bulk, motionless on the steps, as they made their way back to the Home Coppice. Alleyn carried the shooting-stick by its middle and Fox the sketching-gear.

When they were out of sight in the trees they examined their booty.

Alleyn laid the shooting-stick on a bank and squatted beside it.

"The disc," he said, "screws on above the ferrule, leaving a two-inch spike. Soft earth all over it and forced up under the collar of the disc, which obviously hasn't been disengaged for weeks! All to the good. If it's the weapon, it may have been washed in the Chyne and wiped, and it has, of course, been subsequently rammed down in soft earth, but it hasn't been taken apart. There's a good chance of a blood-trace under the collar. We must let Curtis have this at once. Now let's have a look at her kit."

"Which we didn't really want, did we?"

"You never know. It's a radial easel with spiked legs, and it's a jointed gamp with a spiked foot. Lots of spikes available, but the shooting-stick fits the picture best. Now for the interior. Here we are," Alleyn said, unbuckling the straps and peering inside. "Large water-color box. Several mounted boards of not-surface paper. Case of brushes. Assorted pencils. Water jar. Sponge. Paint rag. Paint rag," he repeated softly, and bent over the kit sniffing.

He drew a length of stained cotton rag out of the kit. It was blotched with patches of watery color and with one dark, brownish-reddish stain that was broken by a number of folds as if the rag had been twisted about some object.

Alleyn looked up at his colleague, and there was keen

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FOR THE CHILDREN

If you are the woman in his life...*Watch his Hair!*

Why should the loss of a man's hair be accepted as inevitable? Why should so many take for granted that nothing will grow hair? Only when the hair root itself is **dead** is it impossible to grow hair. While the hair root remains alive, regular nourishment from **outside** the body will promote and maintain healthy hair growth. These are the facts. The hair roots remain active only by receiving a balanced supply of 18 organic foods normally carried by the bloodstream and known as amino-acids. These vital substances are fed to the hair roots through tiny blood vessels in the scalp. If the natural supply channel becomes sluggish, or is deficient for any reason in amino-acid content — and this frequently happens as a result of ill-health or over-work, the hair roots starve and eventually die. Pure Silvikrin, the hair's natural food, can prevent this happening. This unique biochemical preparation contains the same 18 vital amino-acids which Nature uses to grow hair. Massaged into the scalp, Pure Silvikrin penetrates to the hair roots to supplement the natural supply of food from the body. Don't ignore warning signs. See, before it is too late, that the man in your life uses Silvikrin regularly. There is a Silvikrin product for every hair condition.

The Silvikrin Products for Hair Care

PURE SILVIKRIN. For use in severe cases of falling hair, dandruff, greasy scalp — for the treatment of serious hair root deficiencies — *Pure Silvikrin*, a highly concentrated form of *the hair's natural food* and the foundation of the whole Silvikrin method.

SILVIKRIN TONIC HAIR DRESSING — FOR DAILY GROOMING. Specially prepared to be the ideal dressing for handsome, healthy hair. Contains (a) just enough oil to keep the hair handsome and neatly groomed all day, and (b) a measured quantity of *Pure Silvikrin* — so it is truly a *tonic* hair dressing.

Also available: SILVIKRIN HAIR TONIC — a lotion *without* oil. Many women find this pleasant lotion freshens the scalp, corrects greasiness and makes the hair delightfully easy to manage.

Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

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speculation in his eyes. "Smell, Fox," he said.

Fox squatted behind him and sniffed stertorously.

"Fish," he said.

. . . .

Alleyn handed over Lady Lacklander's property to Sergeant Oliphant with instructions to take it into Chyning to Dr. Curtis and renewed instructions to search the valley for the whole or part of the missing trout. They then went to pay a call on Commander Syce at Uplands.

They passed through the Hammer Farm spinney and entered that of Commander Syce. Here they encountered a small notice nailed to a tree. It was freshly painted and bore in neatly executed letters the legend: "Beware of Archery."

"Look at that!" Fox said. "And we've forgotten our green tights."

As they emerged from Commander Syce's spinney into his garden they heard a twang, followed by a peculiar whining sound and the "tuck" of a penetrating blow.

"What's that?" Fox ejaculated. "It sounded like the flight of an arrow."

"Which is not surprising," Alleyn rejoined, "as that is what it was."

He nodded at a tree not far from where they stood, and there, astonishing and incongruous, was embedded an arrow prettily flighted in red, and implanted in the centre of a neatly and freshly carved heart. It still quivered very slightly. "We can't say we weren't warned," Alleyn pointed out.

"Very careless!" Fox said crossly.

Alleyn pulled out the arrow and looked closely at it. "Deadly if they hit the right spot. I hope you've noticed the heart. It would appear that Commander Syce has recovered from his lumbago and fallen into love's sickness. Come on."

They emerged from the spinney to discover Commander Syce, bow in hand, quiver at thigh, scarlet-faced and irresolute.

"Look here!" he shouted. "I'm sorry and all that, but great grief, how was I to know, and, anyway, what about the notice?"

"Yes, yes," Alleyn rejoined. "We're here at our own risk. We're police officers," he went on. "I suppose you've heard of last night's tragedy."

"What tragedy?"

"Colonel Cartarette."

"Cartarette?"

"He has been murdered."

"Great grief!"

"We're calling on his neighbors in case . . ."

"What time?"

"About nine o'clock, we think."

"How d'you know it's murder?"

"By the nature of the injuries, which are particularly savage ones, to the head."

"Who found him?"

"The District Nurse. Nurse Kettle."

Commander Syce turned scarlet. "Why didn't she get me?" he said.

"Would you expect her to?"

"No."

"Well, then . . ."

"I say, come in, won't you? No good nattering out here, what!" shouted Commander Syce.

They followed him into his desolate drawing-room and noted the improvised bed, now tidily made up, and a table set out with an orderly array of drawing materials and water-colors. A large picture-map in the early stages of composition was pinned to a drawing-board.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . . **Scales of Justice**

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Alleyn saw that its subject was Swevenings, and that a number of lively figures had already been sketched in.

"That's very pleasant," Alleyn said, looking at it.

Commander Syce made a complicated and terrified noise, and interposed himself between the picture-map and their gaze. He muttered something about doing it for a friend.

He didn't add that Nurse Kettle, impressed by his sketching, had asked him to do it, but Alleyn remarked: "Isn't she lucky?"

Commander Syce turned, if anything, deeper scarlet, and Inspector Fox looked depressed.

Alleyn said he was sure Commander Syce would understand that as a matter of routine the police were calling upon Cartarette's neighbors.

"Simply," he said, "to try to get a background. When one is casting about in a case like this . . ."

"Haven't you got the fellah?"

"No. But we hope that by talking to those of the Colonel's neighbors who were anywhere near . . ."

"I wasn't. Nowhere near."

Alleyn said with a scarcely perceptible modulation of tone: "Then you know where he was found?"

"'Course I do. You say nine o'clock. Miss . . . ah . . . the . . . ah . . . the lady who you tell me found him, left here at five to nine, and I saw her go down into the valley. If she found him at nine he must have been in the perishing valley, mustn't he? I watched her go down."

"From where?"

"From up here. The window. She told me she was going down the valley."

"You were on your feet, then? Not completely prostrate with lumbago?"

Commander Syce began to look wretchedly uncomfortable. "I struggled up, don't you know," he said.

"And this morning you've quite recovered?"

"It comes and goes."

"Very tricky," said Alleyn. He still had the arrow in his hand and now held it up. "Do you often loose these things off into your spinney?" he asked.

Commander Syce muttered something about a change from target shooting.

"I've often thought I'd like to have a shot at archery," Alleyn lied amiably. "One of the more blameless sports. Tell me, what weight of bow do you use?"

"A sixty-pound pull."

"Really! What's the longest—is clout the word?—that can be shot with a sixty-pounder?"

"Two hundred and forty yards."

"Is that twelve score? 'A' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score?"

"That's right," Commander Syce agreed, and shot what might have been an appreciative glance at Alleyn.

"Quite a length. However, I mustn't keep you gossiping about archery. What I really want to ask you is this. I understand that you've 'known Colonel Cartarette a great many years?"

"Off and on. Neighbors. Very nice fellah."

"Exactly. And I believe that when Cartarette was in the Far East, you ran up against him. At Hongkong, was it?" Alleyn improvised hopefully.

"Singapore."

"Oh, yes. The reason why I'm asking you is this. From the character of the crime and the apparently complete absence of motive, here, we are wondering if it can possibly be a back kick from his work out in the East."

"Wouldn't know."

"Look here, can you tell us anything at all about his life in the East? I mean, anything that might start us off. When actually did you see him out there?"

"Last time would be four years ago. I was still on the active list. My ship was based on Singapore, and he looked me up when we were in port. I was axed six months later."

"Did you see much of them out there?"

"Them?"

"The Cartarettes."

Commander Syce glared at Alleyn. "He wasn't married," he said, "then."

"So you didn't meet the second Mrs. Cartarette until you came back here, I suppose?"

Commander Syce thrust his hands into his pockets and walked over to the window.

"I had met her, yes," he mumbled. "Out there."

"Before they married?"

"Yes."

"Did you bring them together?" Alleyn asked lightly, and he saw the muscles in the back of Syce's neck stiffen under the reddened skin.

"I introduced them, as it happens," Syce said loudly without turning his head.

"That's always rather amusing. Or I find it so, being," Alleyn said, looking fixedly at Fox, "an incorrigible matchmaker."

"Margaret! Are you sweeping the dirt under the carpet again?"

"It was nothing like that!" Syce shouted. "Last thing I intended."

He spoke with extraordinary vehemence and seemed to be moved equally by astonishment, shame, and indignation. Alleyn wondered why on earth he himself didn't get the snub he had certainly invited, and decided it was because Syce was too embarrassed to administer one. He tried to get something more about Syce's encounters with Cartarette in Singapore, but was unsuccessful. He noticed the unsteady hands, moist skin, and patchy color, and the bewildered, unhappy look in the very blue eyes.

Alcoholic, poor devil, he thought.

"It's no good asking me anything," Syce abruptly announced. "Nobody tells me anything. I don't go anywhere. I'm no good to anybody."

"We're only looking for a background, and I hoped you might be able to provide a piece of it. Miss Kettle was saying last night how close the Swevenings people are to each other; it all sounded quite feudal. Even Sir Harold Lacklander had young Phinn as his secretary. What did you say?"

"Nothing. Young perisher. Doesn't matter."

". . . and as soon as your ship comes in, Cartarette naturally looks you up. You bring about his first meeting with Miss . . . I don't know Mrs. Cartarette's maiden name."

Commander Syce mumbled unhappily.

"Perhaps you can give it to me," Alleyn said apologetically. "We have to get these details for the files. Save me bothering her."

He gazed mildly at Syce, who threw one agonised glance at him, swallowed with difficulty, and said in a strangulated voice: "De Vere."

There was a marked silence. Fox cleared his throat.

"Ah, yes," Alleyn said.

. . . .

"Would you have thought," Fox asked as he and Alleyn made their way through Mr. Phinn's coppice to Jacob's Cottage, "that the present Mrs. Cartarette was born into the purple, Mr. Alleyn?"

"I wouldn't have said so, Brer Fox. No."

"De Vere, though?"

"My foot."

"Perhaps," Fox speculated, "perhaps she's—er—come down in the world."

"I think, on the contrary, she's on her way up."

"Ah. The baronet, now," Fox went on, "he's sweet on her as anyone could see. Would you think it was a strong enough attraction to incite either of them to violence?"

"No, but you never know, of course. I should think she must find life in Swevenings pretty dim. What did you collect from Syce's general behaviour, Fox?"

"Well, now, he did get me wondering what exactly are his feelings about this lady. I mean, they seem to be old acquaintances, don't they? Miss Kettle said he made a picture of Mrs. Cartarette before she was married. And then he didn't seem to have fancied the marriage much, did he? Practically smoked when it was mentioned, he got so hot."

"Well have to find out about it," Alleyn said. "We'll ask the Yard to look him up in the Navy list. They can find out when he was in Singapore and get a confidential report."

"Say," Fox speculated, "that he was sweet on her. Say they were engaged when he introduced her to the Colonel. Say he went off in his ship and then was retired from the Navy, and came home and found Kitty de Vere changed into the second Mrs. Cartarette. So he takes to the bottle and gets," said Mr. Fox, "a pretty bad grudge."

"And what about his lumbago? Personally, I think he's having a dim fling with Nurse Kettle."

Fox looked put out.

"Very unsuitable," he said.

"Here is Mr. Phinn's spinney, and here, I think, is our girlfriend of last night."

Mrs. Thomasina Twitchett was, in fact, taking a stroll. When she saw them she wafted her tail, blinked, and sat down.

"Good morning, my dear," said Alleyn.

He sat on his heels and extended his hand. Mrs. Twitchett did not advance upon it, but she broke into an extremely loud purring.

"You know," Alleyn continued severely, "if you could do a little better than purrs and mews, I rather fancy you could give us exactly the information we need. You were in the Bottom Meadow last night, my dear, and I'll be bound you were all eyes and ears."

Mrs. Twitchett half closed her eyes, sniffed at his extended forefinger, and began to lick it.

"Thinks you're a kitten," Fox said sardonically.

Alleyn in his turn sniffed at his finger, and then lowered his face almost to the level of the cat's. She saluted him with a brief dab of her nose.

"What a girl," Fox said.

"She no longer smells of raw fish. Milk and a little cooked rabbit, I fancy. Do you remember where we met her last night?"

"Soon after we began to climb the hill on this side, wasn't it?"

"Yes. We'll have a look over the terrain when we get the chance. Come on."

They climbed up through Mr. Phinn's spinney and finally emerged on the lawn before Jacob's Cottage, just as Mr. Phinn came out of his house accompanied by an escort of cats and Mrs. Twitchett's three fat kittens.

"No more!" he was saying in his curious alto voice. "All gone! Go and catch micey, you lazy lot of furs."

He set down the empty dish he had been carrying.

Some object fell from his breast pocket and he replaced it in a hurry. Some of his cats pretended alarm and flounced off, the others merely stared at him. The three kittens, seeing their mother, galloped unsteadily towards her with stiff tails and a great deal of conversation.

Mr. Phinn saw Alleyn and Fox. Staring at them he clapped his hands like a mechanical toy that had not quite run down.

"Good morning, Mr. Phinn," Alleyn said. "I have been renewing my acquaintance with your charming cat."

"Isn't she sweet?" Mr. Phinn moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue. "Such a devoted mama, you can't think!"

Alleyn sat on his heels beside Mrs. Twitchett, who gently kicked away one of her too-greedy kittens.

"Her fur's in wonderful condition for a nursing mother," he said, stroking it. "Do you give her anything special to eat?"

Mr. Phinn began to talk with the sickening extravagance of the feline fanatic.

"A balanced diet," he explained in a high-pitched voice, "of her own choosing. Fissy on Mondays and Fridays. Steaky on Tuesdays. Livvy on Wednesdays. Cooked bun on Thursdays and Sundays. Embellished," he added with a merciless smile, "by our own clever claws, with micey and birdie."

"Fish only twice a week," Alleyn mused, and Fox, suddenly feeling that something was expected of him, said: "Fancy!"

"She is looking forward to tomorrow," Mr. Phinn said, "with the devoted acquiescence of a good Catholic, although, of course, theistically, she professes the mysteries of Old Nile."

"You don't occasionally catch her dinner for her in the Chyne?"

"When I am successful," Mr. Phinn said, "we share."

"Did you?" Alleyn asked, fatuously addressing himself to the cat. "Did you have fresh fissy for your supper last night, my angel?" Mrs. Twitchett turned contemptuously to her kittens.

"No!" said Mr. Phinn in his natural voice.

"You made no other catch, then, besides the fabulous Old 'Un?"

"No!"

"May we talk?"

Mr. Phinn, silent for once, led the way through a side door and down a passage into a sizeable library.

Alleyn's eye for other people's houses unobstrusively explored the room. The Colonel's study had been pleasant, civilised, and not lacking in feminine graces. Commander Syce's drawing-room was at once clean, orderly, desolate, and entirely masculine. Mr. Phinn's library was disorderly, dirty, neglected, and ambiguous. It exhibited confused traces of Georgian grace, Victorian pomposity, and Edwardian muddle.

However, on Mr. Phinn's shelves Alleyn noticed an unexpected link with the Colonel. For here among a collection of books on angling he saw again "The Scaly Breed," by Maurice Cartarette. But what interested Alleyn perhaps more than all these items was a state of chaos that was to be observed on and near a very nice serpentine-fronted bureau. The choked drawers were half out, one indeed was on the floor, the top was covered with miscellaneous objects which, to a police-trained eye, had clearly been dragged out in handfuls, while the carpet nearby was littered with a further assortment. A burglar, taken by surprise, could not have left clearer evidence behind him.

"How can I serve you?" asked Mr. Phinn. "I wish I could be of some help. I have spent a perfectly wretched night—such of it as remained to me—fretting and speculating, you know. A murderer in the Vale! Really, if it wasn't so dreadful there would be a kind of grotesque humor in the thought. We are so very respectable in Swevenings. Not a ripple, one would have thought, on the surface of the Chyne!"

"Would one not? What," Alleyn asked, "about the Battle of the Old 'Un?"

Mr. Phinn was ready for him. He fluttered his fingers.

"Nil nisi," he said, with rather breathless airiness, "and all the rest of it, but, really, the Colonel was most exasperating as an angler. A monument of integrity in every other respect, I dare say, but as a fly-fisherman I am sorry to say there were some hideous lapses. It is an ethical paradox that so noble a sport should occasionally be wedded to such lamentable malpractices."

"Such," Alleyn suggested, "as casting under a bridge into your neighbor's preserves?"

"I will defend my action before the Judgment Seat and the ghost of the sublime Walton himself will thunder in my defence. It was entirely permissible."

"Did you and the Colonel," Alleyn said, "speak of anything else but this—ah—this ethical paradox?"

Mr. Phinn glared at him, opened his mouth, thought perhaps of Lady Lacklander and shut it again.

"We have been given to understand," Alleyn said, "that there was in fact a further discussion."

There was a long silence.

"Well, Mr. Phinn?"

"Well. I am waiting."

"For what?"

"I believe it is known as the usual warning," Mr. Phinn said.

"The police are only obliged to give the usual warning when

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they have decided to make an arrest."

"And you have not yet arrived at this decision?"

"Not yet."

"You, of course, have your information from the Lady Gargantua, the Mammoth Chatelaine, the Great, repeat Great, Lady of Nunspardon," said Mr. Phinn, and then surprisingly turned pink. His gaze, oddly fixed, was directed past Alleyn's elbow to some object behind him. It did not waver. "Not," Mr. Phinn added, "that, in certain respects, her worth does not correspond by a rough computation with her avoirdupois. Did she divulge the nature of my further conversation with the Colonel?"

"No."

"Then neither," said Mr. Phinn, "shall I. At least, not yet. Not unless I am obliged to do so."

The direction of his gaze had not shifted.

"Very well," Alleyn said, and turned away with an air of finality.

He had been standing with his back to a desk. Presiding over an incredibly heaped-up litter were two photographs in tarnished silver frames. One was of a fragile-looking woman. The other was of a young man bearing a strong resemblance to her and inscribed in a flowing hand: "Ludovic."

It was at this photograph that Mr. Phinn had been staring.

Alleyn decided to press home what might or might not be an advantage, but he did so with distaste. He said, looking at the photograph, "This is your son, sir, isn't it?"

Mr. Phinn, in a voice that was quite unlike his usual emphatic alto, said: "My son, Ludovic."

"I didn't meet him, but I was in the Special Branch in 1937. I heard about his tragedy, of course."

"He was a good boy," Mr. Phinn said. "I think I may

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have spoiled him. I fear I may have done so."

"I don't ask you to forgive me for speaking of him. In a case of homicide I'm afraid no holds are barred. We have discovered that Sir Harold Lacklander died with the name 'Vic' on his lips and full of concern about the publication of his own memoirs which he had entrusted to Colonel Cartarette. We know that your son was Sir Harold's secretary during a crucial period of his administration in Zlomce, and that Sir Harold could hardly avoid mention of the tragedy of your son's death if he was to write anything like a definitive record of his own career."

"You need go no further," said Mr. Phinn, with a wave of his hand. "I see very clearly what is in your mind." He looked at Fox, whose notebook was in his palm. "Pray write openly, Inspector. Mr. Alleyn, you wonder, do you not, if I quarrelled with Colonel Cartarette because he proposed to make public, through Lacklander's memoirs, the ruin of my boy. Nothing could be farther from the truth."

"I wonder," Alleyn said, "if the discussion that Lady Lacklander overheard, but doesn't care to reveal, was about some such matter."

Mr. Phinn suddenly beat his pudgy hands together once. "If Lady L. does not care to tell you," he announced, "then neither for the time being do I."

"I wonder," Alleyn said, "if you'd mind showing us your fishing gear . . . the whole equipment as you took it down yesterday to the Chyne?"

"And why not?" Mr. Phinn rejoined. "But I demand," he added loudly, "to know if you suspect me of this crime. Do you? Do you?"

"Come now," Alleyn said, "you must know very well that you can't in the same breath refuse to answer our questions and demand an answer to your own. If we may, we would like to see your fishing gear."

Mr. Phinn stared at him. "It's not here," he said. "I'll get it."

"Fox will help you."

Mr. Phinn looked as if he didn't much relish this offer, but appeared to think better of refusing it. He and Fox went out together. Alleyn moved over to the book-lined wall on his left and took down Maurice Cartarette's work on "The Scaly Breed." It was inscribed on the title page: "January, 1930. For Viccy on his eighteenth birthday, with good wishes for many happy castings," and was signed by the author. The Colonel, Alleyn reflected, had evidently been on better terms with young Phinn than with his father.

He riffled through the pages. The book had been published in 1929, and appeared to be a series of short and pleasantly written essays on the behaviour and eccentricities of freshwater fish. It contained an odd mixture of folkishness, natural history, mild flights of fancy, and, apparently, a certain amount of scientific fact. It was illustrated, rather charmingly, with marginal drawings.

Alleyn turned back to the title page and found that they were by Geoffrey Syce: another instance, he thought, of the way the people of Swevenings stick together, and he wondered if twenty-six years ago the Colonel in his regiment, and the Commander in his ship, had written to each other about the scaly breed and about how they should fashion their book. His eye fell on a page heading, "No Two Alike," and with astonishment he saw what at first he took to be a familiar enough kind of diagram . . . that of two magnified fingerprints, showing the essential dissimilarities.

At first glance they might have been lifted from a manual on criminal investigation. When, however, he looked more closely, he found, written underneath: "Microphotographs. Fig. 1, Scale of Brown Trout. 6 years. 2¼lbs. Chyne River. Showing 4 years' poor growth followed by two years' vigorous growth. Fig 2, Scale of trout. 4 years. 1¼lb. Chyne River. Note differences in circuli, winter bands, and spawning marks." With sharpened interest he began to read the accompanying letterpress:

"It is not perhaps generally known," the Colonel had written, "that the scales of no two trout are alike; I mean microscopically alike in the sense that no two sets of fingerprints correspond. It is amusing to reflect that in the watery world a rogue-trout may leave incriminating evidence behind him in the form of what might be called scales of justice."

Alleyn re-read the page, then he replaced the book and turned to the desk with its indescribable litter of pamphlets, brochures, unopened and opened letters, newpapers, and magazines. Having inspected the surface he began, gingerly, to disturb the top layer, and in a moment or two had disclosed a letter addressed to "Octavius Phinn, Esq.," in the beautiful and unmistakable handwriting of Colonel Cartarette.

Alleyn had just had time enough to discover that it contained about thirty pages of typescript marked on the outside, "7," when he heard Fox's voice on the stairs. He turned away and placed himself in front of the portrait.

Mr. Phinn reappeared with Fox and the fishing gear.

He was evidently one of those anglers who cannot resist the call of the illustrated catalogue and the lure of the gadget. His creel, his gaff, his net, his case of flies, and his superb rod were supplemented by every conceivable toy, all of them, Alleyn expected, extremely expensive. His canvas bag was slotted and pocketed to receive these mysteries, and Alleyn drew them out one after another to discover that they were all freshly cleaned and in wonderful order.

"With what fly," he asked Mr. Phinn, "did you hook the Old 'Un? It must have been a Homeric struggle, surely?"

"Grant me the bridge," Mr Phinn shouted excitedly, "grant me that, and I'll tell you."

"Very well," Alleyn conceded with a grin, "we'll take the bridge in our stride. I concede it. Let's have the story."

Mr. Phinn went strongly into action. It appeared that, at the mention of his prowess, the emotions that had so lately seemed to grip him were completely forgotten. He re-enacted in the strangest pantomime his battle with the Old 'Un up to the great capitulation, the landing, and the coup de grace, this last being administered, as Mr. Phinn made clear in spirited pantomime, with a sort of angler's cosh: a short, heavily leaded rod.

Alleyn took this instrument in his hand and balanced it. "What do you call the thing?" he asked.

"A priest," Mr. Phinn said. "It is called a priest. I don't know why."

"Perhaps because of its valedictory function." He laid it on the desk and placed Commander Syce's arrow beside it. Mr. Phinn stared but said nothing.

"I really must return this arrow to Commander Syce," Alleyn said absently. He had retained it by the simple expedient of walking off with it. "I found it in the spinney, embedded in a tree trunk."

He might have touched off a high explosive. The color flooded angrily into Mr. Phinn's face, and he began to shout of the infamies of Commander Syce and his archery. The death of Thomasina Twitchett's mother at the hands of Commander Syce was furiously recalled. Syce, Mr. Phinn said, was a monster, an alcoholic sadist, possessed of a blood-lust. It was with malice aforethought that he had transfixed the dowager Twitchett. The plea of accident was ridiculous: the thing was an obsession. Syce would drink himself into a sagittal fury and fire arrows off madly into the landscape.

Only last night, Mr. Phinn continued, when he himself was returning from the Chyne after what he now called his little disagreement with Colonel Cartarette, the Commander's bow was twanging away on the archery lawn and Mr. Phinn had actually heard the tuck of an arrow in a tree trunk dangerously near to himself. The time was a quarter-past eight. He remembered hearing his clock chime.

"I think you must be mistaken," Alleyn put in mildly. "Nurse Kettle tells us that last evening Commander Syce was completely incapacitated by an acute attack of lumbago."

Mr. Phinn shouted out a rude and derisive word. "A farrago of nonsense!" he continued. "I swear he was devilishly active last night. I swear it. I trembled lest my Thomasina, who had accompanied me to the Chyne, should share the fate

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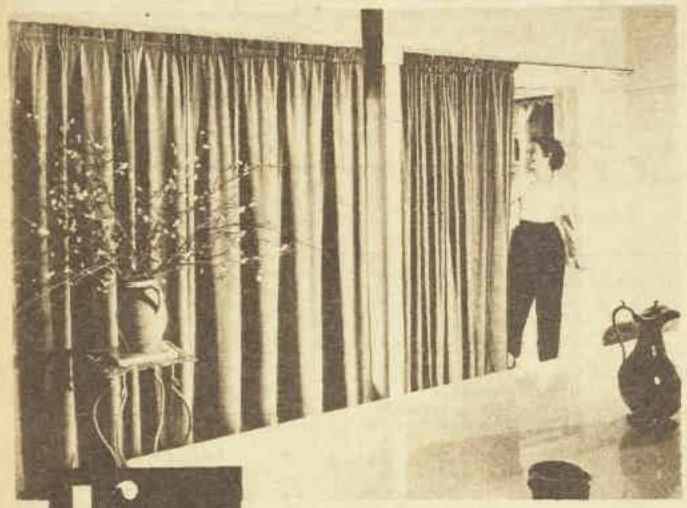

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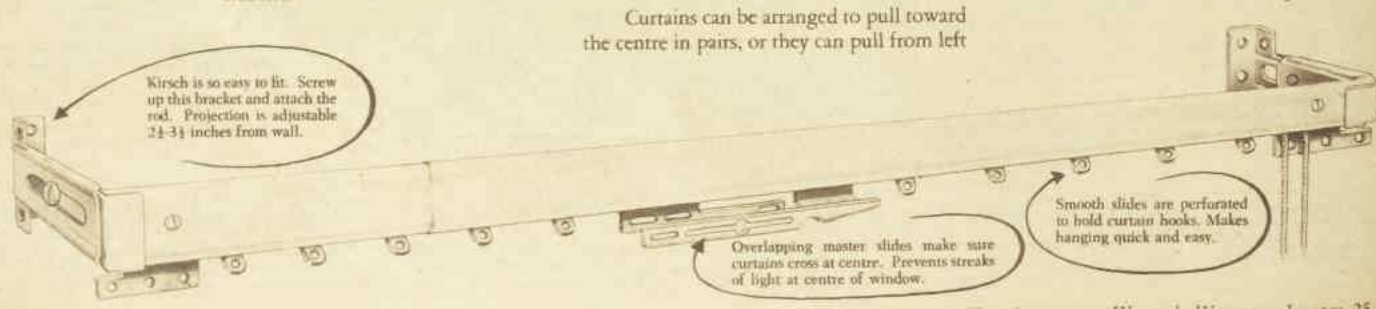

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of her mama. She did not join me on my return, but had preferred to linger in the evening air. Indeed, the reason for my perhaps slightly dramatic entry into Hammer in the early hours of this morning was my hope of retrieving my errant fur. The dreadful news with which you met me quite put her out of my head." Mr. Phinn concluded, and did not look as if he expected to be believed.

"I see," Alleyn said, and did not look as if he believed him. "Quite a chapter of accidents. Do you mind if we take possession of your fishing gear for a short time? And also the shoes and suit that you wore on your fishing expedition."

"A fat lot of use," Mr. Phinn muttered, "if I said no. And, in any case, you are perfectly welcome to every garment I possess. Homicidally speaking, they are as pure as the driven snow."

When he saw them Alleyn reflected that although, homicidally speaking, this might be true, from any other point of view it was grossly inaccurate: Mr. Phinn's angling garments were exceedingly grubby and smelt quite strongly of fish. Alleyn saw with satisfaction a slimy deposit on the right leg of a pair of old-fashioned knickerbockers. The shoes were filthy and the stockings in holes. With a gesture of defiance, their owner flung on top of them a dilapidated tweed hat with the usual collection of flies in the band.

"Make what you like of them," he said grandly, "and you see that you let me have them back in the order in which you receive them."

Alleyn gave him grave assurance to this effect, and wrapped up the garments. Fox wrote out a receipt for the unlovely bundle.

"We won't keep you any longer," Alleyn said, "unless by any chance you would care to give us a true account of your ramblings in the watches of the night."

Mr. Phinn gaped at him and in doing so resembled for the moment the Old 'Un himself.

"Because," Alleyn went on, "you haven't done so yet, you know. I mean your story of seeing lighted windows and calling to tell the Colonel of your catch was completely blown up by Lady Lacklander. And your latest version . . . that you were on the hunt for your mother-cat . . . really won't do at all. Feline nursing mothers, and you tell us this is a particularly devoted one, do not desert their kittens for six hours on end. Moreover, we came upon Mrs. Twitchett last night on her way home about half-past twelve. And why, if the Twitchett story was the true one, did you not produce it in the first instance?"

"I shall not make any further statements. I prefer to remain silent."

"Shall I tell you what I think may have happened last night? I think that when you made your first remark as you stood in the french window at Hammer you said something that was near the truth. I think that either then or perhaps earlier in the evening you had sallied out in search of your great trout. I think you regretted having flung it down on the bridge during your quarrel with Colonel Cartarette. You knew he wouldn't touch it because he had told you so and had gone off, leaving it there. Did you not go down into the valley of the Chyne to retrieve the trout, and did you not find it gone from the bridge when you got there?"

The color mounted in Mr. Phinn's face in uneven patches. He lowered his chin and looked quickly at Alleyn from under his meagre brows. But he said nothing.

"If this is so," Alleyn went on, "and I am encouraged by your silence to hope that it may be, I can't help wondering what you did next. Did you come straight back to Hammer, and, seeing the lighted windows, make up your mind to accuse the Colonel of having pinched your fish after all? But no. If that had been so, your behaviour would have been different. You would not, before you were aware of his death, have trembled and gone white to the lips. Nor would you have invented your cock-and-bull story of wanting to tell the Colonel all about your catch: a story that was at once disproved when Lady Lacklander told us about your row with the Colonel over that very catch and by the fact that for a long time you have not been on visiting terms with your neighbor."

Mr. Phinn had turned aside, and Alleyn walked round him until they were again face to face.

"How," he said, "is one to explain your behaviour of last night? Shall I tell you what I think? I think that when you arrived at Hammer Farm at five past one this morning, you knew already that Colonel Cartarette was dead."

Still Mr. Phinn said nothing.

"Now if this is true," Alleyn said, "and again you don't deny it, you have misinformed us about your movements. You let us understand that you returned to the Bottom Meadow just before you came to Hammer Farm at about one o'clock. But your coat was as dry as a chip. So it must have been much earlier in the evening before the rain that you returned to the bridge in the hope of retrieving the fish and found it gone. And knowing that the Colonel was fishing his own waters and not far away, would you not seek him out? Now, if you did behave as I have suggested, you did so at a time when nobody saw you. That must have been after Lady Lacklander, Mrs. Cartarette and Dr. Lacklander had all gone home. Mrs. Cartarette reached Hammer Farm at about five past eight and Dr. Lacklander went home at eight-fifteen. Neither of them saw the trout.

"Look! If you want money, ask for it."

"On my working hypothesis, then, you revisited the valley after eight-fifteen, and, one would suppose, before a quarter to nine, when Nurse Kettle did so. And there, Mr. Phinn, in the willow grove you found Colonel Cartarette's dead body with your mammoth trout beside it. And didn't Nurse Kettle very nearly catch you in the willow grove?"

Mr. Phinn ejaculated: "Has she said . . ." and caught his voice back.

"No," Alleyn said. "Not specifically. It is I who suggest that you hid and watched her and crept away when she had gone. I suggest, moreover, that when you bolted for cover, your reading spectacles were snatched from your hat by an envious sliver, and that in your panic and your terror of being seen, you dared not look for them. Possibly you did not realise they had gone until you got home. And that's why, after the rain, you stole out again—to try to find your glasses in case they were lost in a place where they might incriminate you. Then you saw the lights of Hammer Farm and dared go no farther. You couldn't endure the suspense of not knowing if the Colonel had been found. You drew nearer and Sergeant Oliphant's torchlight shone in your eyes."

Alleyn drew a pair of spectacles from his pocket, and dangled them before Mr. Phinn. "I'm afraid I can't let you have them back just yet. But"—he extended his long finger towards Mr. Phinn's breast-pocket—"isn't that a magnifying glass you have managed to unearth?"

Mr. Phinn was silent.

"Well," Alleyn said. "There's our view of your activities. It's a picture based on your own behaviour and one or two known facts. If it is accurate, believe me, you will be wise to say so."

Mr. Phinn said in an unrecognisable voice, "And if I don't choose to speak?"

"You will be within your rights and we shall draw our own conclusions."

"I suppose," Mr. Phinn said, "I am a timid man, but I know, in respect of this crime, that I am an innocent one."

"Well, then," Alleyn said, and tried to lend the color of freshness to an assurance he had so often given, "your innocence should cancel your timidity. You have nothing to fear."

It seemed to Alleyn as he watched Mr. Phinn that he was looking on at the superficial signs of a profound disturbance. It was as if Mr. Phinn's personality had been disrupted from below like a thermal pool and in a minute or two would begin to boil.

Some kind of climax was, in fact, achieved, and he began to talk very rapidly in his high voice.

"You are a very clever man. You reason from character to fact and back again. There! I have admitted everything. It's all quite true. I tiffed with Cartarette. I flung my noble Fin on the bridge. I came home, but did not enter my house. I walked distractedly about my garden. I repented of my gesture and returned. The Fin had gone. I sought out my rival, and because of the howl of his dog—a disagreeable canine—I — found him——" Here Mr. Phinn shut his eyes tight.

"No, really, it was too disagreeable! Even though his hat was over his face one knew

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When curtains are open the Kirsch working parts are concealed. All you see is the neat ivory-coloured rod. *Interior decoration by Margaret Jaye.*

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Continuing . . .

Scales of Justice

from page 45

at a glance. And the dog never even looked at one. Howl! Howl! I didn't go near them but I saw my fish! My trout! My Superfin! And then, you know, I heard her. Kettle. Stump, stump, stump past the willow grove. I ran, I doubled, I flung myself on my face in the undergrowth and waited until she had gone. And then I came home," said Mr. Phinn, "and as you have surmised, I discovered the loss of my reading glasses, which I frequently keep in my hatband. I was afraid. And there you are."

"Yes," Alleyn said, "there we are. How do you feel about making a signed statement to this effect?"

"Another statement. Oh, tedious task! But I am resigned."

"Good. We'll leave you to write it with the aid of your reading glasses. Will you begin with the actual caching of the Old 'Un?"

Mr. Phinn nodded.

"And you are still disinclined to tell us the full substance of your discussion with Colonel Cartarette?"

Mr. Phinn nodded. He had his back to the windows and Alleyn faced them. Sergeant Oliphant had come out of the spinney and stood at the foot of the garden. Alleyn moved up to the windows. The sergeant, when he saw him, put his thumb up and turned back into the trees.

Fox picked up the parcel of clothes.

Alleyn said: "We'll call later for the statement. Or perhaps you would bring it to the police station in Chyning this evening?"

"Very well." Mr. Phinn swallowed, and his Adam's apple bobbed in his throat.

They went out by a side door and down the garden to the spinney. The path wound downhill among trees to a stile that gave on to the River Path. Here Sergeant Oliphant waited for them. Alleyn's homicide bag, which had been entrusted to the sergeant, rested on the stile. At the sound of their voices he turned and they saw that across his palms there lay a sheet of newspaper.

On the newspaper were the dilapitated remains of a trout.

"I got 'er," said Sergeant Oliphant.

The sergeant was staring in great satisfaction at the remains of the trout.

"She was a short piece above the bridge on this side," he explained. "Laying in some long grass to which I'd say she'd been dragged. Cat's work, sir, as you can see by the teeth-marks."

"As we supposed," Alleyn agreed. "Mrs. Thomasina Twitchett's work."

"A nice fish, she's been, say two pound, but nothing to the Old 'Un," said the sergeant.

Alleyn laid the paper and its contents on a step of the stile and hung fondly over it. Mrs. Twitchett, if indeed it was she, had made short work of most of the colonel's trout, if indeed this was his trout. The body was picked almost clean, and some of the smaller bones had been chewed.

The head appeared to have been ejected after a determined onslaught and the tail was semi-detached. But from the ribs there still depended some pieces of flesh and rags of skin that originally covered part of the flank and belly of the fish, and it was over an unlovely fragment of skin that Alleyn pored.

He laid it out flat, using two pairs of pocket tweezers for the purpose, and with a long finger pointed to something that might have been part of an indented scar. It was about a quarter of an inch wide, and had a curved margin. It was pierced in one place as if by a short spike.

"Now blow me down flat," Alleyn exulted, "if this isn't the answer to the good little investigating officer's prayer. See here, Fox, isn't this a piece of the sort of scar we would expect to find? And look here."

Very gingerly he turned the trout over and discovered, clinging to the other flank, a further rag of skin with the apex of a sharp triangular gap in it.

"Sink me if I don't have a look," Alleyn muttered.

Under Oliphant's enchanted gaze, he opened his case, took from it a flat enamel dish, which he laid on the bottom step of the stile and a small glass jar with a screw-on lid. Using his tweezers he spread out the piece of skin with the triangular gap on the plate. From the glass jar he took the piece of skin that had been found on the sharp stone under the Old 'Un.

Muttering and whistling under his breath, and with a delicate dexterity, he laid the second fragment beside the first, opened it out and pushed and fiddled the one into the other as if they were pieces of a jig-saw puzzle. They fitted exactly.

"And that," Alleyn said, "is why Mrs. Twitchett met us last night smelling of fresh fish instead of liver. You've done very handily, sergeant, to pick up this so quickly. Now, listen and I'll explain."

The explanation was detailed and exhaustive. Alleyn ended it with an account of the passage he had read in Colonel Cartarette's book.

"We'll send out a signal to some piscatorial pundit," he said, "and get a check. But if the colonel was right, and he seems to have been a conscientious knowledgeable chap, our two trouts cannot exhibit identical scales. The colonel's killer, and only his killer, can have handled both fish. We do a round-up of garments, my hearties, and hope for returns."

The sergeant cleared his throat and with an air of modest achievement stooped behind a briar bush.

"There's one other matter, sir," he said. "I found this at the bottom of the hill in a bit of underbrush."

He straightened up. In his hand was an arrow. "It appears," he said, "to have blood on it."

"Does it, indeed?" Alleyn said, and took it. "All right, Oliphant. Good show. We're getting on very prettily. And if," he summarised for the benefit of the gratified and anxious Oliphant, "if it all tallies up as I believe it must, then the pattern will indeed begin to emerge, won't it, Fox?"

"I hope so, Mr. Alleyn," Fox rejoined cheerfully.

"So off you go, Oliphant," Alleyn said. "Drive Mr. Fox to the station, where he will ring the Yard and the Natural History Museum. Deliver your treasure-trove to Dr. Curtis. I hope to have the rest of the exhibits before this evening. Come on, chaps, this case begins to ripen."

He led them back into the valley, saw Oliphant and Fox on their way with an accumulation of gear and objects of interest, and himself climbed up the hill to Nunspardon.

Here, to his surprise, he ran into a sort of party. Shaded from the noontide sun on the terrace before the great house were assembled the three Lacklanders, Kitty Cartarette and Rose. It was now half-past twelve and a cocktail tray gave an appearance of conviviality to a singularly wretched-looking assembly.

Lady Lacklander seemed to have retired behind her formidable facade, leaving in her wake an expression of bland inscrutability. George stood in a teapot attitude, one hand in his jacket pocket, the other on the back of a chair, one neatly knickered leg straight, one bent. Mark scowled devotedly upon Rose, who was pale, had obviously wept a great deal, and seemed in addition to her grief to be desperately worried.

Kitty, in a tweed suit, high heels and embroidered gloves, was talking to George. She looked exhausted, and faintly sulky, and her voice was high-pitched. Before she noticed Alleyn she had completed a sentence and he had heard it.

"That's right," she had said. "Brierly and Bentwood," and then she saw him and made an abrupt movement that drew all their eyes upon him.

He wondered how many more times he would have to approach these people through their gardens and from an uncomfortable distance. He felt certain that this time, if George Lacklander could have managed it, the waiting group would have been scattered by a vigorous gesture.

As it was, all of them except Lady Lacklander made involuntary movements which were immediately checked. Kitty half-rose as if to beat a retreat, looked disconsolately at George and sank back in her chair.

"They've been having a council of war," thought Alleyn.

After a moment's further hesitation Mark, with an air of coming to a decision, put his chin up, said loudly: "It's Mr. Alleyn," and came to meet him.

"Good morning," Alleyn said. "I'm sorry to reappear so soon, and to make a further nuisance of myself. I won't keep you long."

"That's all right," Mark said pleasantly. "Whom do you want to see?"

"Why, in point of fact, all of you, if I may. I'm lucky to find you in a group like this."

Mark had fallen into step with him, and together they approached the group.

"Well, Rory," Lady Lacklander shouted as soon as he was within range, "you don't give us much peace, do you? What do you want this time? The clothes off our backs?"

"Yes," Alleyn said, "I'm afraid I do. More or less."

"And what may that mean? More or less?"

"The clothes off your yesterday-evening backs, if you please.'

"Is this what my sporadic reading has led me to understand as 'a matter of routine.' "

"In a way," Alleyn said coolly, "yes. Yes, it is. Routine."

"Do you mean," Lady Lacklander said, "the clothes that we were all wearing when Maurice Cartarette was murdered?"

"I do, yes."

"Well," she said, "you're welcome to mine. What was I wearing yesterday, George?"

"Really, Mama, I'm afraid I don't . . ."

"Nor do I. Mark?"

Mark grinned at her. "A green tent, I fancy, Gar, darling; a solar topee and a pair of grandfather's boots."

"You're perfectly right. My green tweed, it was. I'll tell my maid, Roderick, and you shall have them."

"Thank you." Alleyn looked at George. "Your clothes and boots, please?"

"Ah, spiked shoes and stockings and plus-fours," George said loudly. "Very old-fogeyish. Ha-ha."

"I think they're jolly good," Kitty said wearily. "On the right man." George's hand went to his moustache, but he didn't look at Kitty. He seemed to be exquisitely uncomfortable.

"I," Kitty added, "wore a check skirt and a twin set. Madly county, you know," she added, desperately attempting to joke, "on account we played golf." She sounded near to tears.

"And your shoes?" Alleyn asked.

Kitty stuck out her feet. Her legs, Alleyn noted, were good. Her feet, which were tiny, were shod in lizard-skin shoes with immensely high heels.

"Not so county," Kitty said, with the ghost of a grin; "but the best I had."

George, apparently in an agony of embarrassment, glanced at the shoes, at his mother, and at the distant prospect of the Home Spinney.

Alleyn said: "If I may, I'll borrow the clothes, gloves, and stockings. We'll pick them up at Hammer Farm on our way back to Chyning."

Mark said: "I was wearing whites. I put brogues on for going home and carried my tennis shoes."

"And your racquet?"

"Yes."

"And, after Bottom Bridge, Lady Lacklander's sketching gear and shooting-stick?"

"That's right."

"By the way," Alleyn asked him, "had you gone straight to your tennis party from Nunspardon?"

"I looked in on a patient in the village."

"And on the gardener's child, didn't you?" Kitty said. "They told me you'd lanced its gumboil."

"Yes. An abscess, poor kid," Mark said cheerfully.

"So you had your professional bag, too?" Alleyn suggested.

"It's not very big."

"Still, quite a load."

"It was rather."

"But Lady Lacklander had left it all tidily packed up, hadn't she?"

"Well," Mark said, with a smile at his grandmother, "more or less."

"Nonsense," Lady Lacklander said, "there was no more or less about it. I'm a tidy woman and I left everything tidy."

Mark opened his mouth and shut it again.

"Your paint rag, for instance?" Alleyn said, and Mark glanced sharply at him.

"I overlooked the rag, certainly," said Lady Lacklander rather grandly, "when I packed up. But I folded it neatly and tucked it under the strap of my haversack. Why have you put on that look, Mark?" she added crossly.

"Well, darling, when I got there, the rag, far from being neatly folded and stowed, was six yards away on a briar bush. I rescued it and put it into your haversack."

They all looked at Alleyn as if they expected him to make some comment. He was silent, however, and after a considerable pause Lady Lacklander said: "Well, it couldn't be of less significance, after all. Go indoors and ask them to get the clothes together. Fisher knows what I wore."

"Ask about mine, old boy, will you?" said George, and Alleyn wondered how many households there were left in England where orders of this sort were still given.

Lady Lacklander turned to Rose. "And what about you, child?"

But Rose stared out with unseeing eyes that had filled again with tears. She dabbed at them with her handkerchief and frowned at herself.

"Rose?" Lady Lacklander said quietly. "They want to know what clothes you wore, my dear."

"Tennis things, I imagine," Alleyn said.

Rose said: "Oh, yes. Of course. Tennis things."

Kitty said: "It's the day for the cleaner. I saw your tennis things in the box, didn't I, Rose?"

"I? . . . Yes," Rose said. "I'm

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sorry. Yes, I did put them in."

"Shall we go and rescue them?" Mark asked.

Rose hesitated. He looked at her for a moment and then said in a level voice: "O.K. I'll come back," and went into the house. Rose turned away and stood at some distance from the group.

"It's toughest for Rose," Kitty said, unexpectedly compassionate, and then with a return to her own self-protective mannerisms she sipped her sherry. "I wish you joy of my skirt, Mr. Alleyn," she added loudly. "You won't find it very delicious."

"No?" Alleyn said. "Why not?"

"It absolutely reeks of fish."

Alleyn observed the undistinguished little face and wondered if his own were equally blank. He then, under the guise of bewilderment, looked at the others. He found that Lady Lacklander seemed about as agitated as a Buddha and that George was in process of becoming startled. Rose was still turned away.

"Are you a fisherman, too, then, Mrs. Cartarette?" Alleyn asked.

"Preserve me!" she said, with feeling. "No, I tried to take a fish away from a cat last evening." The others gaped at her.

"My dear Kitty," Lady Lacklander said, "I suggest that you consider what you say."

"Why?" Kitty countered, suddenly common and arrogant. "Why? It's the truth. What are you driving at?" she added nervously. "What's the matter with saying I've got fish on my skirt? Here," she demanded of Alleyn, "what are they getting at?"

"My good girl . . ." Lady Lacklander began, but Alleyn cut in: "I'm sorry, Lady Lacklander, but Mrs. Cartarette's perfectly right. There's nothing the matter, I assure you, with speaking the truth." Lady Lacklander shut her mouth with a snap. "Where did you meet your cat and fish, Mrs. Cartarette?"

"This side of the bridge," Kitty muttered resentfully.

"Did you, now?" Alleyn said with relish.

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Scales of Justice

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"It looked a perfectly good trout to me, and I thought the cat had no business with it. I suppose," Kitty went on, "it was one of old Occy Phinn's swarm; the cat, I mean. Anyhow, I tried to get the trout away from it. It hung on like a fury. And then when I did jerk the trout away it turned out to be half-eaten on the other side, sort of. So I let the cat have it back." Kitty said limply.

Alleyn said: "Did you notice any particular mark or scar on the trout?"

"Well, hardly. It was half-eaten."

"Yes, but on the part that was left?"

"I don't think so. Here! What sort of mark?" Kitty demanded, beginning to look alarmed.

"It doesn't matter. Really."

"It was quite a nice trout. I wondered if Maurice had caught it and then I thought old Occy Phinn must have hooked it and given it to the cat. He's crazy enough on his cats to give them anything, isn't he, George?"

"Yes, yes!" George ejaculated automatically, without looking at Kitty.

"It's a possible explanation," Alleyn said as if it didn't much matter either way.

Mark came back from the house. "The clothes," he said to Alleyn, "will be packed up and put in your car, which has arrived, by the way. I rang up Hammer and asked them to keep back the things for the cleaner."

"Thank you so much," Alleyn said. He turned to Lady Lacklander. "I know you'll understand that in a case like this we have to fuss about and try to get as complete a picure as possible of the days, sometimes even the weeks and months, before the event. It generally turns out that ninety-nine per cent. of the information is quite useless and then everybody thinks how needlessly inquisitive and impertinent the police are. Sometimes, however, there is an apparently irrelevant detail that leads, perhaps by accident, to the truth."

Lady Lacklander stared at him. "What are you getting at, my dear Roderick? I hope you won't finesse too elaborately. Pray, tell us what you want."

"Certainly. I want to know if, when I arrived, you were discussing Sir Harold Lacklander's memoirs."

He knew by their very stillness that he had scored.

Lady Lacklander first recovered from whatever shock they had all received.

"In point of fact we were," she said. "You must have extremely sharp ears."

"I caught the name of my own publishers," Alleyn said at once. "Brierly and Bentwood. An admirable firm. I wondered if they are to do the memoirs."

"I'm glad you approve of them," she said dryly. "I believe they are."

"Colonel Cartarette was entrusted with the publication, wasn't he?"

There was a fractional pause before Mark and Rose together said: "Yes."

"I should think," Alleyn said pleasantly, "that that would have have been a delightful job."

George, in a strangulated voice, said something about "responsibility," and suddenly offered Alleyn a drink.

"My good George," his mother said impatiently, "Roderick is on duty and will have none of your sherry. Don't be an ass."

George blushed angrily and glanced, possibly for encouragement, at Kitty.

"Nevertheless," Lady Lacklander said, with a sort of grudging bonhomie, "you may as well sit down, Rory. One feels uncomfortable when you loom. There is, after all, a chair."

"Thank you," Alleyn said, taking it. "I don't want to loom any more than I can help, you know, but you can't expect me to be all smiles and prattle when you, as a group, close your rank with such a deafening clank whenever I approach you."

"Nonsense," she rejoined briskly, but a dull color appeared under her weathered skin.

"Well," Alleyn said cheerfully, "if it's all nonsense I can forget all about it and press on with the no doubt irrelevant details. About the autobiography for instance. I'm glad Mr. Phinn is not with us at the moment because I want to ask you if Sir Harold gives a full account of young Phinn's tragedy. He could scarcely, one imagines, avoid doing so, could he?"

Lady Lacklander said: "I haven't read my husband's memoirs. Nor, I think, has anyone else except Maurice."

"Do you mean, Lady Lacklander, that you haven't read them in their entirety or that you haven't read or heard a single word of them?"

"We would discuss them. Sometimes I could refresh his memory."

"Did you discuss the affair of young Ludovic Phinn?"

"Never!" she said very loudly and firmly, and George made a curious noise in his throat.

Alleyn turned to Kitty and Rose.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "Colonel Cartarette may have said something about the memoirs?"

"Not to me," Kitty said, and added: "Too pukka sahib."

There was an embarrassed stirring among the others.

"Well," Alleyn said, "I'm sorry to labor the point, but I should like to know, if you please, whether either Sir Harold Lacklander or Colonel Cartarette ever said anything to any of you about the Ludovic Phinn affair in connection with the memoirs."

"I can't see what you're getting at!" George began, to the dismay, Alleyn felt sure, of everybody who heard him.

"How can you make out my father's memoirs can have anything to do with Maurice Cartarette's murder?"

Alleyn said: "It's eighteen years since young Ludovic Danberry-Phinn committed suicide and a war has intervened. Many people will have forgotten his story. One among those who have remembered it . . . his father . . . must dread above all things any revival." He leant forward in his chair, and, as if he had given some kind of order or exercised some mesmeric influence on his audience, each member of it imitated this movement. George Lacklander was still empurpled, the others had turned very pale, but one expression was common to them all: they looked, all of them, extremely surprised. Alleyn raised his hand.

"Unless, of course," he said, "it has come about that in reviving the tragedy through the memoirs, young Phinn's name will be cleared."

It was as if, out of a cloth that had apparently been wrung dry, an unexpected trickle was induced. George, who seemed to be the most vulnerable of the group, shouted: "You've no right to assume . . ." and got no farther. Almost simultaneously Mark and Rose, with the occasional unanimity of lovers, said: "This won't do . . ." and were checked by an imperative gesture from Lady Lacklander.

"Roderick," Lady Lacklander demanded, "have you been talking to Octavius Phinn?"

"Yes," Alleyn said. "I have come straight here from Jacob's Cottage."

"Wait a bit, Mama," George blurted out. "Wait a bit! Octavius can't have said anything. Otherwise, don't you see, Alleyn wouldn't try to find out from us."

In the now really deathly silence that followed this speech Lady Lacklander turned and blinked at her son.

"You ninny, George," she said, "you unfathomable fool."

And Alleyn thought he now knew the truth about Mr. Phinn, Colonel Cartarette and Sir Lacklander's memoirs.

To be concluded

IT CAME FROM THE BIBLE

● This week's award of £2/2/- for a Bible quotation has been won by Miss M. Harry, 6 Owen St., West Brunswick N12, Vic.

HERE is her entry:

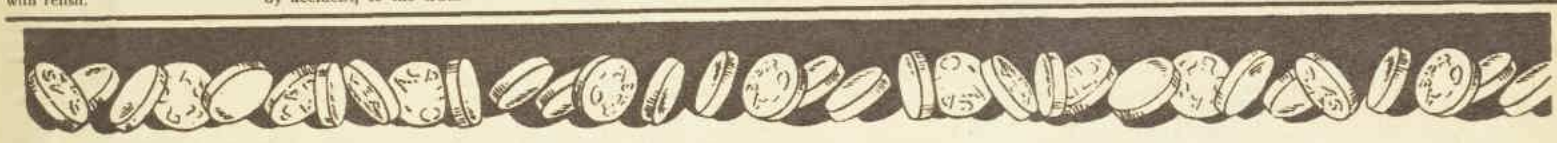
"People whose knowledge outstrips their commonsense or who are immature and lacking in experience are frequently referred to as having 'half-baked' ideas.

"Inspiration for the expression can be found in the book of Hosea, chapter 7, verse 8, where the prophet is pointing out the failings of the tribe of Ephraim:

"'Ephraim, he hath mixed himself among the people; Ephraim is a cake not turned.'"

Readers are invited to send in Bible quotations whose frequent application has made them part of everyday language. Entries should give the book, chapter, and verse from which each quotation comes and an example of current usage.

Entries should be addressed "Bible Quotations," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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2 wonderful recipes

FROM NESTLÉ'S

1 Quick 'n' simple Swiss Salad Mayonnaise

You will need: Half tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, ¼ pt. salad oil, ¼ pt. vinegar or lemon juice, 2 egg yolks, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful mustard and a dash of cayenne. *Place ingredients in a bowl and beat well until the mixture thickens. That's all. And it can be stored in a cool place for a very long time.*

TEAR OUT — AND KEEP

2 Delicious Apricot Rice Meringue

1 lb. cooked or canned fruit, 2 tablespoonfuls of cooked rice, 1 egg, ½ tin Nestlé's Milk, 1 oz. castor sugar, glace cherries and angelica. *Place fruit in bottom of fireproof dish reserving 4 or 6 of the best apricots for decoration.*

Mix Nestlé's Milk with water to thickness of cream, add egg yolk and rice and pour over fruit. Whisk white of egg and add sugar, whisk lightly and pile on top of rice. Bake in slow, moderate oven, until set. Decorate with the apricots, cup side up, with a cherry in each. Add leaves of angelica.

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Lunch box TRICKS

By
LEILA C. HOWARD
Our Food & Cookery Expert

• Workday lunch should never be a hit-and-miss affair of unimaginative, always - the - same sandwiches.

CHILDREN and adults alike need a nutritious and interesting meal to carry them through their afternoon's work.

With school holidays nearly over, packing lunch-boxes for the children will soon be an important daily task again. And many businessmen and women like a lunch from home, too.

Sandwiches are not inevitable in a lunch-box. Forget them sometimes and use rissoles, salads, pasties, scones, and biscuits, especially for older children.

Breads and spreads or fillings for sandwiches should be varied as much as possible. The ideas on this page will help you to do just that.

The nutritious and scientifically balanced Oslo lunch is easily and inexpensively prepared at home.

It consists of sandwiches of wholemeal bread (real wholemeal, not a colored imitation) spread with butter and filled with cheese, salad vegetables, grated raw carrot, celery, meat, or eggs.

One or two pieces of fruit and a bottle of milk complete the meal.

BREADS illustrated above include brown, white, sultana, malt, and wholemeal, and bread rolls. The use of more than one type of bread in sandwiches makes the lunch-box much more interesting.

BREADS FOR SANDWICHES

Cut bread about ¼in. thick; leave crusts on; pack in lettuce leaves, then greaseproof paper or food-wrapping plastic.

Choose from wholemeal, malt, brown, white or milk bread, bread rolls, or fruit or nut loaves.

SANDWICH SPREADS

For use on sandwiches, scones, or rolls. Flavor should be distinctive but not overpowering.

All spoon measurements are level.

Anchovy butter: Cream ½ cup butter, add ¼ cup minced anchovies or 1 tablespoon anchovy paste, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon onion juice, and 2 hard-boiled egg-yolks (optional). Mix thoroughly. Good with celery filling.

Cheese butter: Cream ½ cup butter with ¼ cup grated cheese. Good with celery, tomato, lettuce, or grated carrot filling.

Chive butter: Cream ½ cup butter with ¼ cup chopped chives and a few drops Worcestershire sauce. Good with tomato or egg filling.

Horseradish butter: Cream butter and flavor to taste with horseradish sauce or grated horseradish. Good with cold roast beef filling.

Lemon butter. Cream butter and flavor to taste with grated lemon rind, lemon juice, and grated or scraped onion. Good with cold roast veal filling.

Parsley butter: Cream butter with a generous quantity of finely minced parsley. Good with any savory filling.

SANDWICH FILLINGS

Meat fillings: Finely chopped bacon and chutney; thinly sliced cold meat topped with grated carrot moistened with mayonnaise; diced cooked brains or finely diced cooked rabbit moistened with white sauce and mixed with finely chopped celery; minced ham mixed with chopped pickled onion and a little mayonnaise; minced cooked lamb mixed with finely chopped mint and moistened slightly with mayonnaise or lemon juice; liver sausage mixed with chopped cooked bacon.

Fish fillings, using tinned or home-cooked fish, should be moist, not wet.

Salmon and cucumber: Moisten drained, flaked salmon (or fish cutlets) with mayonnaise; add a little finely chopped cucumber.

Fish and chutney: Spread buttered bread very lightly with fruit chutney, add a layer of flaked fish (home-cooked or tinned).

Salmon and nut: Mix ¾ cup drained flaked salmon with 1 tablespoon finely chopped walnuts and 2 tablespoons finely chopped celery. Moisten with mayonnaise.

Salad and vegetable fillings add interest to the lunch-box. Here are a few to try.

Carrot and raisin: Mix 2 grated carrots (medium size) with ½ cup chopped raisins and 1 tablespoon peanut butter. Moisten slightly with mayonnaise.

Cabbage, carrot, and peanut: Mix ½ cup very finely shredded raw cabbage with an equal quantity grated carrot and very finely chopped peanuts. Moisten with mayonnaise.

Vegetable and apple: Mix ¼ cup finely shredded cabbage with same quantity of finely diced apple, carrot, celery, green pepper, and mayonnaise.

COCONUT RINGS

Eight ounces good shortening, 8oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1lb. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 egg-yolks, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 3 tablespoons milk, apricot jam, shredded coconut (lightly toasted).

Cream shortening with sugar and vanilla. Add egg-yolks, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, mixing to a dry dough. Turn on to lightly floured board, divide into 2 portions. Roll one portion at a time to a bare ½in. thickness. Cut into rings, using two cutters, one smaller than the other. Brush with milk, bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. While still hot, brush with warmed apricot jam and coat with toasted coconut.

Continued on page 50

SALAD vegetables, eggs, cheese, raisins, fruit, and milk are fine, health-giving foods to incorporate in the lunch-box. Food-wrapping plastic helps keep the salad fresh.

DELICIOUS extras for a packed lunch are illustrated below. They are coconut rings, jubilee loaf, and orange sand cake. This is best cut 24 hours after baking.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4809533

Walnut cake wins prize

Cash prizes are awarded to readers this week for recipes for golden walnut cake and hot potato salad. Both dishes are interesting and well worth trying.

WALNUTS and spices give a delightful flavor to the golden walnut cake topped with coffee frosting which wins this week's main prize of £5.

Hot potato salad is good served with cold meats, and with a grill it's different and delicious.

Entries for this competition should be written in ink or typed on one side of the paper only. Give name and address, including State, on each page and post to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

All spoon measurements are level.

GOLDEN WALNUT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk.

Cream shortening with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add golden syrup and walnuts. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fill into greased 8in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1¼ hours. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning on to cake-cooler. When cold ice with coffee frosting.

Coffee Frosting: One tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons icing-sugar, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 1 dessertspoon milk, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 4 tablespoons dry powdered milk, walnut halves to decorate.

Cream butter, gradually adding icing-sugar. Add coffee essence, milk, and cocoa (blended together) a little at a time, and powdered milk; continue beating until very smooth. Spread over cake, rough up with a fork, and decorate with walnut halves.

First Prize of £5 to Miss A. Pickstone, Dalveen, Qld.

HOT POTATO SALAD

Three or 4 potatoes cooked in their jackets, 2 or 3 rashers bacon or ham, 1 chopped onion, ¼ cup sweet pickles, ½ cup cooked green peas, good ¼ cup mayonnaise, ¼ teaspoon mustard, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Saute chopped bacon or ham, adding a little bacon fat or butter if bacon is lean. Add onion and cook until tender. Mix with pickles, peas, skinned chopped potatoes, mustard, salt, and pepper. Add mayonnaise and toss over gentle heat until heated through. Sprinkle parsley over top, serve at once.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Juel, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

GOLDEN WALNUT CAKE is easy to make and good to look at. Pieces of ginger may be used to decorate the cake instead of walnuts. See prizewinning recipe this page.

FAMILY DISH

COLD cooked veal and cooked tongues flavor the jellied ring which is this week's family dish. It costs approximately 5/6 and serves four or five.

VEAL AND TONGUE RING

One and a quarter cups cold cooked diced veal, ¾ cup diced cooked tongues, 4 gherkins, ¾ pint water, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 1 egg-yolk, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ pint milk, ½ teaspoon grated onion.

Soften gelatine in water, stir over heat until dissolved. Beat egg-yolk with sugar, salt, mustard, and pepper, add vinegar and mix well. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, stir until smooth. Cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning, add milk; stir until boiling. Cool, gradually add egg-yolk mixture, stirring constantly. When cool, add dissolved gelatine, meat, onion, and chopped gherkins. Fill into wetted ring-tin, chill until firm. Unmould and serve with crisp salad.

Tony's luxury dish

POT AU FEU

"THIS is a very old and famous dish," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club. "History records that King Henry IV of France wished his people to have it every Sunday."

For 8 persons you will need:

One fowl (4 to 5lb.), 3lb. fresh ribs of beef, 5 medium-size carrots, 3 white turnips, 3 onions (sliced and browned in a small quantity fat), 1 shredded cabbage, 6 leeks, 1 tablespoon salt, 2 celery sticks, 6 peppercorns, 3 quarts water.

Put the beef in a deep pan with the 3 quarts of water, add the peppercorns and salt, and bring very slowly to the boil. Skim well and let cook slowly over a low fire for one hour, then add the fowl and the vegetables. Cook about 2 more hours. When done, correct the seasoning. Strain through a fine strainer and serve with crusts of bread rolls.

The meat may be sliced and served separately surrounded with the vegetables, adding sour pickles and mustard if you so desire. Or it may be used for salad or sauteed in butter with chopped onions or made into hash.

The fowl may also be used cold with salad.

LUNCH BOX TRICKS from page 49

ORANGE SAND CAKE

Quarter pound butter, ¼lb. sugar, grated rind ½ orange, 2 eggs, ¼lb. arrowroot, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon orange juice.

Cream butter and sugar with orange rind. Add well-beaten egg-yolks, then sifted dry ingredients. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and orange juice and beat by hand for 5 minutes. Bake in moderate oven in greased loaf-tin for 45 to 50 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, dust with sifted icing sugar. Do not cut until next day.

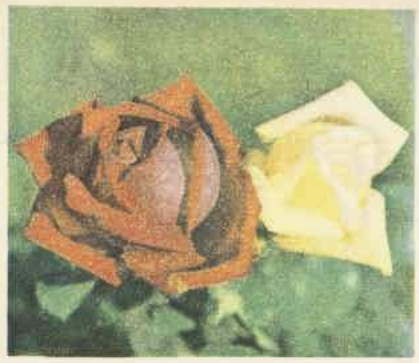
JUBILEE RING

Three tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 4 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, raspberry jam, warm icing, sultanas, cherries, peel.

Cream butter and sugar with lemon rind. Add beaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with milk. Mix to a soft dough. Turn on to floured board, divide into 2 portions. Roll each to an oblong, spread lightly with raspberry jam, roll up like a Swiss roll. Fit the 2 rolls into greased ring-tin (large size), pressing ends together. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and bake 30 to 40 minutes longer. When cold, ice top and scatter sultanas, cherries, and peel over while icing is still soft.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4809534

BRAZIER is a favorite among rose fanciers. Its long, slender buds are deep apricot turning to red-gold.



DR. F. G. CHANDLER, a bright crimson fragrant rose, with Caledonia, a shapely semi-double pure white rose with beautiful buds.

CARE OF ROSES IN SUMMER

● Roses, despite their delicate blooms, are hardy plants, but they need care during hot summer weather.

MULCHING is the most satisfactory answer to these summer needs.

Tall varieties of roses suffer particularly from hot conditions, but a thick mulch all round for about 18 inches from the trunk will help to keep the tall, woody stems in vigorous, sappy condition instead of drying out during heatwaves.

Old rotted cow manure, compost, tan bark, or pine sawdust that has stood out in the weather for a year or more will retain the moisture in the soil, keep the roots cool, and reduce the amount of water that has to be applied. Such mulches will also control weeds.

Two inches of mulch is regarded as about the right quantity, but three inches can be applied if the material is available. Loosen the soil lightly all round before mulching, water well, and apply. Then water the mulch.

Pruning at this time of the year should consist only of shaping the bushes with an eye to the future formation. Hard cutting back will rob the garden of good flowers during the autumn.

First of all, remove any dead or diseased wood, or spindly, weak, and badly formed growths. Treat each variety according to its needs. On tea and hybrid tea roses shorten back growths that do not appear likely to produce flowers from terminal buds. Hybrid perpetuals such as Frau Karl Druschki and the few others in this class still catalogued should have their longest growths shortened back, but should not be pruned severely.

Keep an eye on the watershoots, which come from low-down wood and are often cut out by novices, who imagine that they deprive the roses of too much vigor.

These removal methods are adopted in England and Europe, where watershoots are often killed by early frosts, but here they should be carefully retained.

They are regarded as the foundation on which the rose bushes of the future are built and from which the very finest blooms are usually obtained.

Later, if the watershoots bloom, merely remove the spent blooms without cutting long stems or much good wood will be removed.

If blackspot attacked the roses during spring and summer, some of the spotted young growth may need to be cut away, but usually the removal of spotted foliage, followed by sprayings of Bordeaux mixture, will suffice.

Feeding should also take place where roses are affected by blackspot, as there are still experts who regard it as a sign of nutritional deficiency when roses are badly affected by this disease.

A well-balanced fertiliser or rose food usually gives the bushes stimulus enough to fight off the disease if the spraying programme is sound.

A little bonedust and poultry manure can be added, as well as blood and bone fertiliser. Potash is also necessary to good rose culture, and fresh woodashes, watered in well, help them to ward off mildew.

Mildew can be controlled by timely sprayings of finely divided sulphur or dusting with sulphur and lime in equal parts.

Collect all fallen foliage and prunings and burn them, as they are often the carriers of these diseases from one season to another.

Climbers are working hard at this time of the year and throwing out new canes. Some of these spring from the base and others are laterals. Those that come from the base are regarded as the best to retain.

Climbing rose canes are very soft and brittle and need to be carefully tied into vertical positions or they may throw out many laterals that will bloom in spring. These blooms are invariably of poor size and quality.

At the first winter pruning these long canes should be bent down and fastened along the fence in a horizontal position and the tips shortened back. This should not be done during summer.

Rambler roses should be tied up now and all spent blooms removed. If canes have died since last season they should be removed. This type of rose is extremely hardy and can be cleaned up according to requirements.

TEXAS CENTENNIAL, a sport of the President Herbert Hoover. It is a most striking and unusual shaded rose. These pictures were taken at the nursery of George Knight & Sons, Homebush, N.S.W.

For those who are booking up new roses, the following list of new American varieties may be of interest. They will not all be obtainable this year, but an early order should ensure delivery when stocks arrive.

Golden Masterpiece (hybrid tea), a beautiful daffodil yellow; Lovesong (a sport of Peace, salmon pink with yellow reverse); Louisiana Purchase (hybrid tea, rich cerise); Pink Frost (huge show rose of deep pink); Konrad Adenauer (blood red tea rose); Mona Lisa (ever-blooming pink climber); Wedding Ring (gold hybrid tea), and Spartan (rich orange red floribunda).

If you're looking for roses that are not quite so new, but are of first-class quality, you might like to try: Peace (cream, pink edges); Baden Baden (rich crimson, highly fragrant); Flair (coral to salmon-pink, fragrant); Helen Traubel (semi-double, pink to apricot, richly fragrant, a fine rose); Lumiere (rich yellow); Mascotte (rose-pink, fragrant); Sultane (pretty decorative type).

RED PERFECTION

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THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

"Every young mother should read BABY MAGAZINE," says Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse. It is 2/- per copy at all newsagents, or you can send 24/- for 12 months subscription to Baby Magazine, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

Architect's diary

New home unit plan

By Sydney architect W. J. McMurray

Peter Atkinson (the name is mine), a production expert in a new industry, is concerned with the problems presented by the unsatisfied demand for low-cost homes.

"THE cost of building today seems quite out of keeping with the finance available to young couples who want their own homes," he said. "No one seems interested in lending money on a long-term basis for home building."

"Several large organisations are producing pre-cut and prefabricated types of homes and thus are undoubtedly reducing costs considerably," I answered.

"Do you believe prefabrication is the answer to the problem of housing?" Mr. Atkinson asked.

"I believe prefabrication of a complete home unit leads to monotony," I said. "People must have individuality in the home. This individuality can be maintained by prefabricating larger units of the home and by having a variety of units that could be put together in unlimited combinations."

Mr. Atkinson's next query was: "You mean bathroom and kitchen units, for instance, would be manufactured as whole units in the factory, so that when they become worn out or out of date they could be completely replaced or, like a car, traded in for a later model?"

"Going further than that," I replied, "I believe wall, floor, and roof units could be made to a standard pattern, but in a wide variety of types. These units could be catalogued in such a way that home designing could be a matter of choosing suitable units fabricated by mass production for assembly on the site into an individual design.

"With this selection of units, the possibility of monotony is offset by the tremendous number of combinations possible with different basic parts."

Mr. Atkinson asked: "What is the reason for continuing the conventional building methods when techniques in other industries have made such revolutionary advances?"

"Unlike other industries," I said, "the building trade has a very old tradition, almost as old as mankind itself. The basic building methods have not changed greatly for hundreds of years because the building tradesman hands on his craft to apprentices. In this way the older techniques are perpetuated."

"Building regulations and council control could also prevent radical changes, I suppose," Mr. Atkinson said.

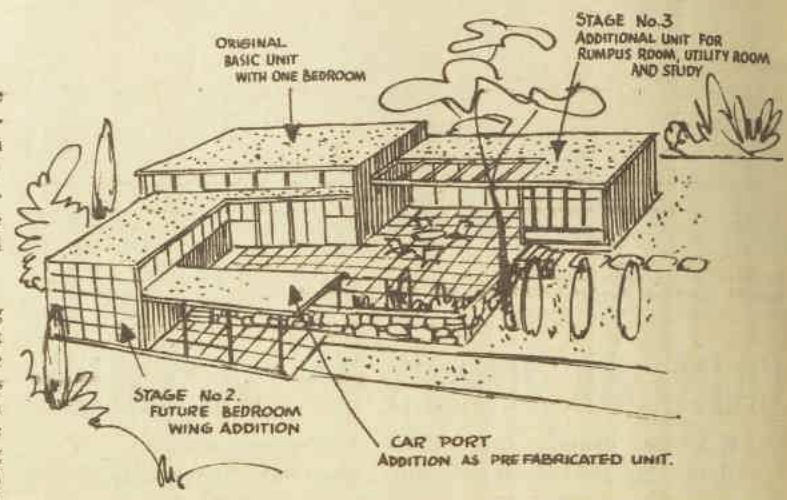
"Yes. New developments in building are sometimes hampered by councils and also by financiers' reluctance to risk money in long-term loans to be spent on ideas that have not stood the test of time."

New approach

"IT seems to me," said Mr. Atkinson, "that reduced building costs because of mass production could make short-term loans possible, and thus induce financiers to make more money available for home-building."

"Yes," I said, "financing a home could be arranged like car hire-purchase, with the possibility of trading in parts of the old home as part payment for replacements or renovations.

"These replacements or additions, in materials less costly than bricks and mortar, would enable homes to be kept up to date by conforming with contemporary standards of design and equipment."



IDEA OF A BASIC UNIT developed and added to later as required by a growing family is shown in the above sketch. Individual home designs can be made from prefabricated units (which cut constructional costs) by mixing the varied styles of ready-made units according to preference.

MAKE THEIR BEDS SAFE

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

IT is surprising in these days of wide mothercraft knowledge to find that many mothers have no idea of making their babies safe in bed.

Here are some safety rules:

- Baby must sleep alone. It is most unhealthy for him to sleep with his parents and there is the danger of his being smothered.
- The bassinet should be roomy, well-ventilated, strong, and stable.
- The large enveloping blanket should not be made of heavy material, nor be tucked in too tightly.
- The mattress must be firm. Fibre is usually used, but horsehair or a properly made kapok one is also suitable. A soft, sagging mattress is a great danger. The loosely filled chaff shakedown used at first should only be one-quarter filled with fine, sterilised chaff. No loose mattress of any kind should be used over the firm one.
- The pillow under baby's head should be small and very flat. A small chaff pillow is coolest and safest. No pillow is necessary for the first weeks.
- A wrap-around shawl should never pinion a baby's arms to its sides, as he could easily roll over and smother.
- Never wrap anything around baby's head or have anything that could become twisted around his neck.
- Never have a space between the top of the mattress and the top of the bassinet. The mattress should be pushed up against the top of the bassinet.
- Always bring up baby's wind before putting him down to sleep, and never lie him to sleep on his back. Place him nearly on his side with his head well turned to one side; otherwise he could choke on a particle of food.

Instructions for making a simple safety belt to keep baby safe in bed are given in a leaflet which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

Miss Precious Minutes Says:

CUT glass and crystal will sparkle if rubbed with a small brush that has been dipped in lemon juice.

* * *

WHEN perfuming your clothes put a few drops of perfume on small pieces of pumice stone. You will find this does a better job than a sachet.

* * *

IF, when doing drawn-thread work, you find the threads break easily, dab a damp rag along the thread to be removed. This will make it much firmer.

* * *

HERE'S an easy way to remove those bits of dough sticking to the board after you have kneaded bread, shaped biscuits, or cut out cookies. Sprinkle the board liberally with salt, then rub with a damp dishcloth or sponge. Salt cuts right through sticky dough and makes the board easy to wash.

TO AVOID disturbing the roots of seedlings when transplanting them, grow each one separately in half an eggshell. Then the whole eggshell can be planted out in the garden in any weather.

NEXT time you wash out the refrigerator put a few drops of vanilla in the water. It will rid the refrigerator of any musty smell.

* * *

CLOTHING of any description that is cut on the bias should be ironed on the grain of the fabric.

BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to listless kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world—get Doan's Backache-Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

ASTHMA CURBED 1ST DAY

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendaco, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendaco from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F4021: Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's one-piece dress. Sizes: Lengths 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1⅞ to 2¼yds. 36in. material and 5yds. striped braid. Price 2/6.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty., Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F4017: Chic dress-and-jacket ensemble. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and ⅝yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

F4022: One-piece dress with a flattering moulded bodice and softly gathered skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5⅝yds. 36in. material, 1½yds. pleated edging, plus 2yds. ⅛in. ribbon. Price 3/9.

F3936: Glamorous formal lace-and-net wedding dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 9yds. 54in. net and 14yds. 36in. lace. Price 6/6.

F4023: Smartly styled one-piece torso-line dress has a sleeveless bodice-top and moderate skirt fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

● ***Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.***

No. 163.—SMALL GIRL'S PINAFORE

Frill-trimmed pinafore in Caesar dimicord is obtainable cut out ready to make. The color choice includes green, red, and lime circles, blue, red, and yellow circles, pink, blue, and red circles, blue, green, and red circles, all printed on a white ground.
Sizes: Length 18in. for 2 years, 27/11, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 20in. for 4 years, 28/6, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; 23in. for 6 years, 29/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 28in. for 8 years, 29/11, postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 164.—LUNCHEON SET

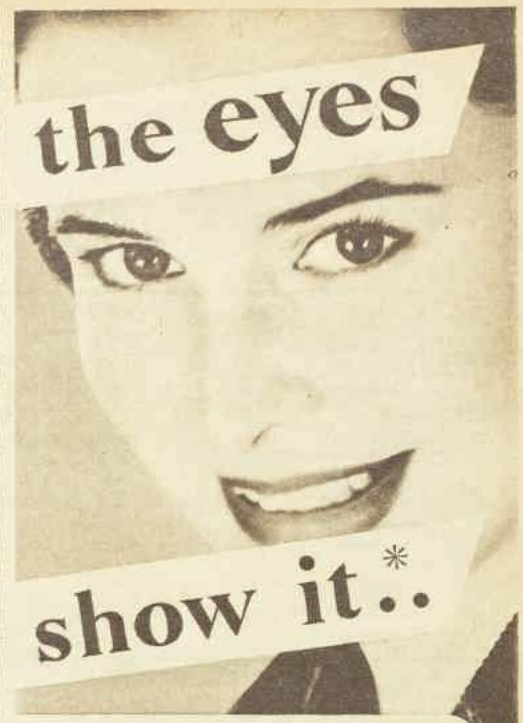
Attractive luncheon set obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with an attractive leaf motif design. The material is Irish linen in cream and white only. Sizes: Centre mat, 11in. x 17in., plate mat, 11in. x 11in., cup and saucer mat, 8in. x 5in., serviette, 11in. x 11in. Nine-piece set, including 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup and saucer mats, 19/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup and saucer mats, 23/6, postage and registration 2/- extra. Serviettes 1/11 each, postage 3d. extra.

No. 165.—TABLE-RUNNER

The runner is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in cream and white Irish linen. Size 14in. x 58in., price 9/11, postage 6d. extra.

No. 166.—HOUSEFROCK

Easy-to-launder front-buttoned housefrock is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed Caesar Bonnie Prince cotton. The color choice includes black and white printed on pink, blue, lemon, and green backgrounds. The bias binding trim is not supplied. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 37/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.



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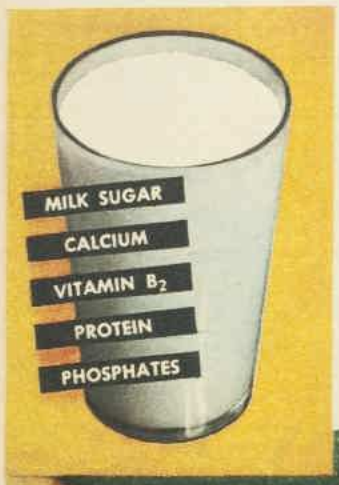


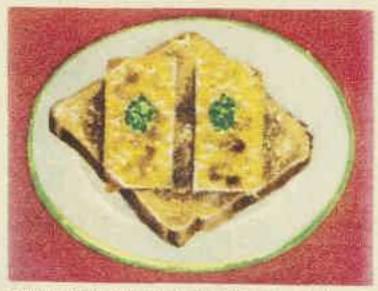
SPREADS LIKE BUTTER — you don't need butter when you spread delicious, money-saving Velveeta.

"Here's why Velveeta gives you extra value", says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

In making ordinary cheese, some of the precious food elements are lost. They are run off in the whey. These are milk sugar, some of the milk minerals and Vitamin B_2. But *Velveeta puts them back.* And never before has this been done.

Velveeta adds *all* of these precious food elements to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates so essential to good health. So you see, Velveeta offers you *extra* value — because of its extra *food values.*

Remember, Velveeta spreads like butter, grills to perfection and melts into smoothest sauce. Velveeta is pasteurised and processed for purity — as digestible as milk itself. Ask for Velveeta in its yellow 8-oz. packet.



HEARTY BREAKFAST. Pop Velveeta under your griller and you'll watch it toast into mouth-watering golden goodness. Perfect for lunch, snacks and suppers, too.

Velveeta made by KRAFT

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are aboard the yacht Ocean Wind when it is lured on to the rocks by a gang of wreckers. As they are about to be marooned by the wreckers, Mandrake turns the tables on them with his hypnotic power. He transfers them to a passing freighter, whose captain warns against the "Isle of the Giant." Mandrake decides to investigate. NOW READ ON:

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So many sparkling designs, all frankly pretty and gay as a summer day. Costume Jewellery by Walkers is so good-looking it's hard to believe the tiny price tags. Ask to see the new Costume Jewellery by Walkers at your favourite store.

STORE BUYERS!

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Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"BUNTY."—Pretty one-piece with a scallop trim at neckline, sleeves, and pocket edges. The material is easy-to-launder seersucker in white, pink, maize, grey, blue, black, and green.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 68/6, 36 and 38in. bust 69/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 48/6, 36 and 38in. bust 49/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

"CHLOE."—Smart front-buttoned coat-dress made in printed Caesar Bonnie Prince cotton. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, and green and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 72/6, 36 and 38in. bust 73/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 52/6, 36 and 38in. bust 53/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

** Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 53. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.*

Fresh as a Daisy...

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All through this summer let bath-time sprinkles of silky-fine Johnson's preserve *your* personal freshness . . . keep you poised and gay, even when days are hot and humid.

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WORKING WIVES

SHE HANDLES PATIENTS PERFECTLY. To be a dental nurse you should be quick-thinking, neat and very particular about your hands—like Mrs. Gordon, of 106 Archer Street, Chatswood. Mrs. Gordon's a dental nurse working to help save for a trip overseas. Asked how she keeps her hands so soft and smooth with all her own housework to do, she says: "I take good care of my hands. For instance, I always use Persil on washday because it is kindest to my skin. And Persil washes cleaner than anything else—my uniforms are always absolutely snowy."

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Jatz have the tang
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